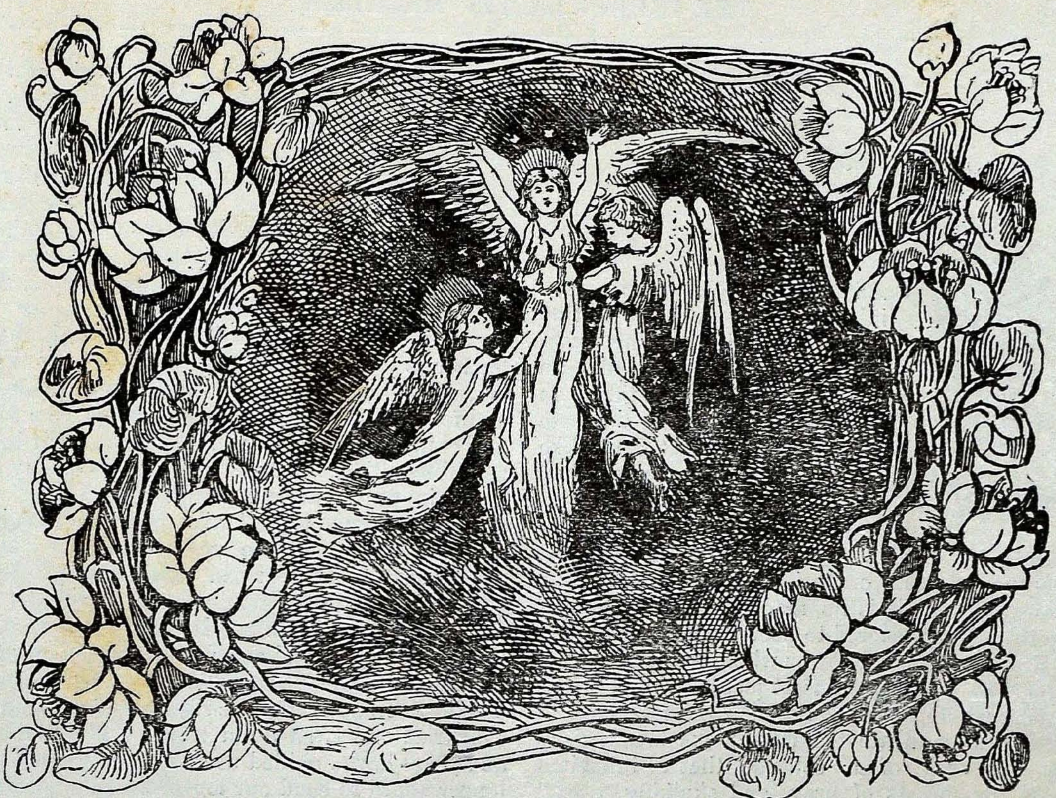

THE INDIAN LADIES' MAGAZINE.

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THE OLD YEAR.

"Mother of many woes and wars,
Hast thou most blossoms or most scars?"
The grey old mother looked at me.
"Who counts the waves upon the sea
Or dust in wind shall answer thee."

"Mother," I said, "ere thou go hence
Leave us thy wisdom for defence
That thou hast coined from blood and tears,
Minted and struck from hopes and fears,
Labouring alone this year of years."

"Son, gather wisdom for thyself,
For I have need of all myself.
There is no gathering of repute
Whither I go—no love makes suit;
There is no seed-time and no fruit."

"Mother," I said, "hast thou forgot
How thy young blood ran high and hot,
How thy feet danced on meadow grass,
And thou didst never sigh, alas!
To see an hour of April pass?"

"Ah, well-a-day!" the Old Year said,
"That daughter of delight is dead.
My feet now keep an equal pace
As I go downhill to the place
Where I shall look Death in the face."

"Well, mother, thou hast earned thy rest,
And thou shalt be an honoured guest
In those rose-islands of the West
Where gold with grey is never shot.
Take here of me, forget-me-not."

Ruth.

A SHORT STUDY.

WHAT a mystery is time! The illimitable, silent, never-resting thing called Time, rolling, rushing on, swift, silent, like an all-embracing ocean-tide, in which we and all the universe swim like exhalations, like apparitions which are and then are not." This incalculable mystery is a thing to strike us dumb,—a thing inexplicable and miraculous. Centuries upon centuries have passed over Palestine and it is no more of this work-a-day world. "It is sacred to poetry and tradition—it is dreamland." The towns where the great Christ preached and the 'desert places' round about them, where thousands of men once listened to His voice and ate the miraculous bread, sleep in the hush of a solitude that is inhabited only by beasts of prey and skulking oxes." Though time has changed the face of these surroundings, and converted the land flowing with milk and honey "into a desolate and barren spot, yet its memories, its traditions, the historical facts of its men and women still remain with us unto this day.

The simple and affecting story of Ruth is well-known to us from our infancy, and it is one which appeals to us on account of its sweetness and pathos. A family, impelled by the pangs of hunger seek shelter, food and raiment in a heathen land, and there they settle and prosper. But in the end calamity befalls them in the shape of the death of the male members of the family and only three defenceless women are left. Naomi, bereft of her husband and sons, left alone in her old age, but still compelled to fight single-handed the weary battles of life, determines to return to her native land and spend the few remaining years of her life among her own people. Orpah and Ruth, her daughters-in-law, follow her a short distance, but how unlike are the two sisters-in-law! Orpah feebly asks that she may follow Naomi, but, after a slight persuasion, readily submits to return to her mother-country, kindred and people. But Ruth, what of her? Quietly, but firmly, she tells her mother-in-law that she has made up her mind to follow her, if need be, to the ends of the earth and that no amount of persuasion will turn her from the pursuit of her object. She is inflexible as a rock and maintains her own against all the persuasive arguments of Naomi. There is a sort of natural reserve about her, a subdued quietness of language and manner and a shyness of disposition, which seems to make the outward demonstration invariably fall short of the pent-up feelings within. There seem to lie in her deep wells of love and tenderness, but we see that they are kept in good check, hence, the outward quiet demeanour and serenity of expression. If it were not so, what call is there for her to follow Naomi against her wish? Why leave her dear native land, her beloved kindred, and follow one, who is not even of her own kith and kin, to a remote land to endure hardships and difficulties, when she might as well stay at home in peace and comfort? This woman of an alien nation is filled with love, overflowing deep love, towards the poor stranger, "who went out full and returned again empty" to a desolate home and hearth with no loved ones to comfort and cheer her. Naomi perhaps was well on in age, and she welcomed the bright love which enveloped and clung to her even as a delicate creeper might entwine lovingly round a gnarled and twisted old tree. "When times and years have chilled us and when we can no longer afford to send our souls abroad, nor from our own superfluity of life and sensibility spare the materials out of which we build a shrine for our idol, then do we seek, we ask, we thirst, for that warmth of frank, confiding tenderness, which revives in us the withered affections and feelings buried, but not dead. Then it is that the excess of love is welcomed, not repelled. It is gracious to us as the sun and dew to the seared and riven trunk with its few green leaves." Even so must Naomi have felt and been grateful for the frank love, which had no self-interest, but sprang from pure and generous motives. "Oh Love! thou teacher; O Grief! thou tamer; and Time, thou healer of human hearts!" How deep and mysterious are their workings! Here are two women stricken down with grief, bereft of all that is dear to them, yet love bound them together and Time softened and healed their wounds, so that Naomi, who in her grief called herself Mara (bitter), lived to be called Naomi (pleasant) again. And how? all through the firm resolve and singleness of purpose of a sweet, simple girl. A broken and sad heart was re-kindled into life by her of whom they said, "who loveth thee and which is better to thee than seven sons." If we can but realize what sweet enjoyment it is to be able to shed a little happiness around us! "A kind word, a gentle act, a modest demeanour, a loving smile, are as so many seeds that we can scatter every moment of our lives and which will always spring up and bear fruit.

"Deem it not an idle thing
A pleasant word to speak;
The face you wear, the thoughts you bring,
A heart may heal or break."

Ruth's character gives us the impression of one who has already passed under the rod of affliction and who has come out purified and ennobled under this severe test. There is a sort of melancholy charm about her, which seems to tone down the natural determined strength of her character; and yet with all this mental power she seems to shrink timidly when brought into contact with the world, and she appears to rely upon Naomi for guidance; yet when occasion requires it, her strong spirit shows forth, as in the scene between her and Naomi, when they leave the land of Moab. Her request, worded in this simple but strong language, "Thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God; where thou diest I will die and there will I be buried," effectually silences Naomi, who perceives that persuasion is of no avail.

The scene changes. At Bethlehem, where, in after years, the "shepherds watched by night" and the angels poured forth their gloria, now are Naomi and Ruth welcomed by old friends. A rural scene is presented to our sight. In a field of ripe barley corn, men and women in their pretty, picturesque costumes are gleaning in the field. Ruth gathers courage to join them and thus provide for her mother Naomi. The kind care which she had taken of her mother, the love and affection which had prompted her to sacrifice all that was nearest and dearest to her, had reached the ears of Boaz, and he says:—"It has fully been showed me all that thou hast done unto thy mother-in-law since the death of her husband, and how thou hast left thy father and thy brother and the land of thy nativity and art come unto a people which thou knewest not heretofore. The Lord recompense thy work and a full reward be given thee of the Lord God of Israel, under whose wings thou art come to trust;" and so the Lord "the giver of all good gifts" did shower down His richest blessings on her.

In the end we feel that the high position which was given her as the wife of Boaz is the natural sphere of this noble creature, for though Ruth, the wife of Boaz, could not more command our respect, sympathy and affection than Ruth, the poor daughter-in-law of Naomi, yet a wider range of usefulness and benevolence, of trial and action, was better suited to the large capacity, the ardent affections, the energy and firm principle of such a woman as Ruth, than the narrow sphere in which she was placed before; and we may appropriately wind up with the words of the immortal poet Shakespeare:—

"Spirits are not finely touched,
But to fine issues: nor nature never lends
The smallest scruple of her excellence,
But like a thrifty goddess, she determines,
Herself the glory of a creditor,
Both thanks and use."

By an Indian Lady.

The duties of a good wife.

FROM THE BIBLE.

Some time ago, *i.e.*, in the August number of the *Indian Ladies' Magazine*, we considered the duties of a good Hindu wife, as laid down by Droupadi, the heroine of the *Mahabharata*. Something akin to these are the duties of a wife, mentioned in the *Holy Bible*, in the book of *Proverbs*.

"A virtuous woman who can find? For her price is far above rubies. The heart of her husband trusteth in her; and he shall have no lack of gain. She doeth him good and not evil all the days of her life.

"She seeketh wool and flax, and worketh willingly with her hands. She is like the merchant-ships; she bringeth her food from afar. She riseth also while it is yet night, and giveth meat to her household, and their task to her maidens. She considereth a field and buyeth it. With the fruit of her hands she planteth a vineyard. She girdeth her loins with strength and maketh strong her arms. She perceiveth that her merchandise is profitable. Her lamp goeth not out by night. She layeth her hands to the distaff, and her hands hold the spindle.

"She spreadeth out her hands to the poor, yea, she reacheth forth her hands to the needy.

"She is not afraid of the snow for her household; for all her household are clothed with scarlet. She maketh for herself carpets of tapestry, her clothing is fine linen and purple. Her husband is known in the gates, when he sitteth among the elders of the land. She maketh linen garments and selleth them, and delivereth girdles unto the merchant.

"Strength and dignity are her clothing; and she laugheth at the time to come. She openeth her mouth with wisdom; and the law of kindness is on her tongue. She looketh well to the ways of her household, and eateth not the bread of idleness. Her children rise up and call her blessed; her husband also, and he praiseth her, saying:

'Many daughters have done virtuously, but thou excellest them all?'

"Favour is deceitful, and beauty is vain. But a woman that feareth the Lord, she shall be praised. Give her of the fruit of her hands; and let her works praise her in the gates."

We find other good sayings in the Bible about women:

"Whoso findeth a wife findeth a good thing."

"A prudent wife is from the Lord."

"A virtuous woman is a crown to her husband; but she that maketh ashamed is a rottenness in his bones."

"Every wise woman buildeth her house; but the foolish plucketh it down with her hands.

"Husbands, dwell with your wives, giving honour unto the woman, as unto the weaker vessel, as being also joint-heirs of the grace of life."

"The woman is the glory of the man."

"Ye wives, be in subjection to your own husbands, that even if any obey not the word, they may without the word be gained by the behaviour of their wives; beholding your chaste behaviour coupled with fear; whose adorning let it not be the outward adorning of plaiting the hair and of wearing jewels of gold, or of putting on apparel. But let it be the hidden man of the heart, the incorruptible apparel of a meek and quiet spirit, which is in the sight of God of great price.

"For, after this manner aforetime, the holy women also, who hoped in God, adorned themselves being in subjection to their own husbands."

The Mem-Sahib in India.

WE come across a delightful sketch of her in George Aberigh-Mackay's *Twenty-one days in India*. Her story at the beginning is the ordinary—but ever new—pretty love story of most English women. Her husband is a man who lives in his own thoughts and in his world of books. He is a great scholar and his thoughts have been read once or twice by the world. But, in society, he is awkward and unable to speak. Especially is this as before women, before whom he feels compelled, through bashfulness, to drift into misogyny, though misogyny is indeed quite incompatible with his ideals of life. But suddenly he meets our mem-sahib, and he finds she is the one woman for him, the one woman who understands him. So he marries her, who loves him for choosing her, and who reverences him for his mysterious treasures of thought.

Then their life is one of perfect harmony with each other. Longing for companionship in thought, he introduces her, step by step, into his own world, into "his quiet hill-tops of thought where the air is still and clear." "Their hearts beat one delicious measure. Her gentle nature was plastic under the poet's touch, wrought in an instant to perfect harmony with love, or tears or laughter. To read aloud to her in the evening after the day's work was over, and to see her stirred by every breath of the thought-storm, was to enjoy an exquisite interpretation of the poet's motive, like an impression bold and sharp from the matrix of the poet's mind."

It is in the full tide of this exquisite happiness that we meet her. Her happiness has been increased by the advent of lovely babies. "I first met her shepherding her little flock across the ocean. She was a beautiful woman in the full sweetness and bloom of life. Her talk was of the busy husband she had left, the station life, the attached servants, the favourite horse, the garden and the bungalow. Her husband would soon follow her, in a year or two years, and they would return together; but they would return to a silent home—the children would be left behind. She was going home to her mother and sisters; but there had been changes in this home. So her thoughts were woven of hopes and fears."

She is indeed a happy woman, and she has the gift of radiating happiness around her. Full of sweet and tender thoughts herself, she rouses high ideals and aspirations in the hearts of those she comes in contact with. She is also a happy mother. Her three happy boys, with their mother's winning smile, are at once the joy and the terror of the whole vessel. Always full of innocent mischief, they are the dear treasures of their mother and her thoughts are ever with them. And so she passes away from us.

Then, after three years we meet her again, but under what changed circumstances! She looks so careworn and unhappy. Her relations had been kind to her, but not warmly affectionate. Her husband is too busy to come home. He writes short letters, enclosing cheques. She is sending her boys to school, but is anxious about their education. She has no friends to advise her, and so she broods over her troubles and frets.

Then she returns to India again, but sadly is her happy world changed. She performs her

duties and courtesies carefully, but she is never again in the pleasant paradise of her husband's high thoughts. They are near and yet how far from each other. "The ghost of love and sympathy will only rise in their hearts to gibber, in mockery words and phrases that have lost their meaning, that have lost their enchantment,

"Her life is lone. He sits apart ;
He loves her yet ; she will not weep,
Though rapt in matters dark and deep ;
He seems to slight her simple heart.

For him she plays, to him she sings,
Of early faith and plighted vows ;
She knows but matters of the house,
And he, he knows a thousand things."

Such is the life of the Mem-Sahib, which is sketched for us. Alas for her ! But I prefer to think that there are only a few who are like that. I like to think of them like Isabel Seaton, one of the *wives in subjection* of Ellen Thorneycroft Fowler. Isabel loves her husband devotedly ; she knows he has faults, but her love is so great that it hides his faults. In fact, she would never be happy if he fell below her ideal. As she says, "It would never do for my husband to be without his halo ; it would be so cold for him and so dark for me, and so generally bad all round." She has found her *mate*, not her *master* ; they do not always agree, it is true ; she has independent opinions, in some thing she thinks she knows better than he does. But they are completely happy. She is his ideal of a wife. He loves her absolutely ; and they both sacrifice each to the other without even speaking of the sacrifice. She makes his home cosy and comfortable. She is proud of her husband ; and though she jokes flippantly about marriage, she has no absurd notions that marriage is unhappy—gradually her independence even gets merged in him. She gives in to him in many things. "When I was married" she says, "I pictured myself as a bold young Perseus sent to deliver my Andromeda of a husband from his monster of a conscience. But now I hang garlands round him. He wears my heart upon his sleeve and does whatever he likes with it. A husband is either the one man in the world, or else the one man you wish was not in the world. There is no happy mean in matrimony." There are no secrets between them, they are perfect friends. In fact, they are an ideal couple.

But it is indeed a sad lot for English women in India. I once read a heart-rending poem about the children they leave behind in England.

"Good-night, pretty shapes of mine,
I never shall see you again ;
Ah, never in shadow or shine ;
Ah, never in dew or rain.

In your small dreaming dresses of white
With the wild bloom you gathered to-day !
In your quiet sweet hands for the light
And the dark you will wander away.

Though no graves in the bee-haunted grass,
And no love in the beautiful sky
Shall take you as yet, you will pass,
With this kiss, through these tear-drops—good-bye.

Tragedy indeed it is. "Life is short at the best, and that husbands and wives should be separated for years, or else that children should grow up like orphans, without a home to remember, and the loving knowledge of parents, is to take from life a large portion of joy, and to add much to its suffering."

But have they joy or sorrow, English women in India, like all human beings, have duties to perform. What do we Indian women know of them ? We meet them occasionally at social or other gatherings ; we shake hands with them, we bow, smile, and then we each go our way. We see them driving past in grand equipages, dressed in lovely costumes and looking like replicas of pictures ; we occasionally read of them. That is all, I think, we know about them, with, of course, a few noble exceptions. Mrs. Steel, the Anglo-Indian novelist, some years ago, was very severe on the Anglo-Indian women. She says : "The most curious feature in the life of the Anglo-Indian woman is her utter aloofness from national interest in her environment in India, except when some powerful incentive to sympathy, such as that supplied by a desire to relieve suffering of soul and body, comes to make a superficial bond of union." She then goes on to make other observations, which are indeed too severe, for she forgets the fact that the life of an English girl is quite different in India from her life in England. "The clever capable girl, who, married at home, would for a certainty seek some life beyond the bounds of mere domesticity, frivolity, or even purely intellectual culture, scarcely makes an effect to find it in India or if she make one, soon falls disheartened. In truth, she has a hard task ; since at her first step she must find herself depolarised, must find herself in a central antagonism with the motive of the life around her. With her husband it is different."

Still much can be done by English women in India, as the Bishop of Lahore once preached in a sermon to the Anglo-Indian society at Simla. "There must be in our lives the element of discipline and self-restraint, keeping oneself in hand, and so giving a firmness and a worth to character, which cannot come on other lines ; and be quite sure that it is to women in whose lives these notes do appear that men really turn for help, for sympathy, or counsel in any time of difficulty or trouble." As an English

woman once said to her countrywomen, "Let a sense of Empire and responsibility possess you, as it possesses your husbands and brothers. India is England's adopted child. You, no more than men of your family, can escape the responsibility which parentage gives you. It is *your* work to help India, the privilege is wonderful, the call is urgent, lose no time,—remember, India has need of you."

The Origin of the names of the Seven Fundamental Notes in Indian Music.

ALL Musical sounds fall under seven notes, the lowest of which is called Shedgam as it forms the foundation for the other six. This note, repeated at the end, makes up a complete octave of eight notes. The scale thus formed is divided into two halves or tetrachords, each tetrachord being composed of four notes, or *Svaras*, the first and last of which remain immutable, while the two intermediate ones are alone liable to variations. The following is the method usually adopted :

First or lower tetrachord.—*Sa, Ri, Ga, Ma.*

Second or upper tetrachord.—*Pa, Dha, Ni, Sa.*

These syllables are abbreviations for the names given in some Sanskrit slokas, which explain how the pitch of the notes was originally determined by the Rishis of the forest, from the sounds of various birds and animals uttered at particular seasons and times. The following are the meanings of the names as taken from the Sanskrit slokas :—

Sa is the sound produced by the prince of birds, the peacock, at moments of exultation and rapture, *i.e.*, when the clouds gather in the sky with a low moan portending the commencement of the rainy season.

Ri is the low of the cow in calling for her calf, dragged away from her.

Ga is the bleat of the goat in the midst of the flock, calling for the aid of his fellows.

Ma is the cry uttered by the heron, seated in the bank of a pool, on seeing the gathering of a cloud and anticipating an inundation, which would force her to flee elsewhere for safety.

Pa is the note sounded by the kokila, the Indian nightingale, at spring-tide, when, after a silence of six months, it hails the brightest period of the year and joyfully tastes the first sprouts of the new season.

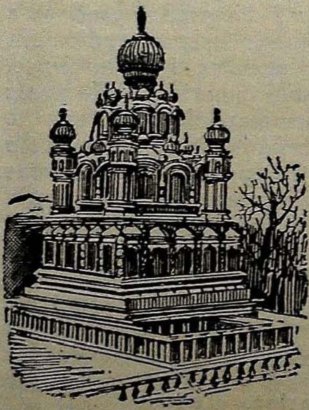
Dha is the neigh of the horse at the moment when his rider approaches him for a drive, or descends from him after his work for the day, when the horse is anxious to have his usual meal.

Ni is the yell of the elephant when the mahout attacks his head with his scimitar.

It is curious that the most important notes of the scale, *viz.*, the key-note, its fifth above and its fifth below, (C G and F) are identified with the sounds produced by *birds*, and the rest with those of *animals* Again, only the key-note and its fifth (C and G), which remain unchanged in Oriental music and signify beauty and melody, sympathy and harmony, are represented by sounds produced on joyous occasions, while the others are stated to be cries at moments of fright, pain or anxiety. The increase in the size of the animals towards the end, concurrent with the increase in the pitch of the notes, and culminating with the cry of the largest of Indian quadrupeds, is also noteworthy.

Uta Imai

EDITOR OF THE "TWENTIETH CENTURY WOMAN," TOKYO, JAPAN.



SO many Indian youngmen have gone to Japan for purposes of study, that a portion of Northern Tokyo has come to be regarded as the "Indian Settlement." Every letter incorrectly or inadequately addressed, so long as it is meant for an Indian, is promptly forwarded by the postal authorities to this District, and the address found without much difficulty.

On their first arrival the students are apt to feel lonesome and homesick. The environs are different from those they are accustomed to, and it takes time to adjust themselves to the changed conditions. But a strong communal feeling exists among the students. This makes the transition seem somewhat less arduous and painful. But probably the most angelic agency that helps to soften the difficulties attendant upon taking up a residence in a new country, battling with a strange language, becoming accustomed to a different menu and mode of life, is the group of Japanese women intensely interested in doing all they can to help India evolve her destiny.

Miss Uta Imai, the editor of a Japanese monthly magazine, "The Twentieth Century Woman," belongs to this set. She is the patron saint of every young Indian in Tokyo. Of all the Japanese women, she is pre-eminent in her co-operation with the Indian student. Miss Imai is a firm believer in "Asia for the Asians." She hopes to live to witness the dawn of the day, when the Oriental will make it impossible for the Occidental to exploit him and his country. She is a member of the Oriental Association, at whose meetings she often speaks her mind regarding the economic and social affairs of the Orient.

The point of greatest importance to Uta Imai is the upliftment of Oriental womanhood. She works incessantly toward improving the body, mind and soul of her countrywomen; investing them with the desire to change their present conditions.

Miss Imai is barely thirty. Her reputation, however, already has girdled the Mikado's Empire. As a writer and speaker she is the peer of any man or woman of her day. Her articles are eagerly sought after by newspapers throughout Japan. A deep student and philosopher, she has the respect and admiration of all who esteem scholarship in man or woman. Naturally her example and precept tend toward bettering the present status of womanhood She is a woman of the "new" type, only inasmuch as she aspires to put a period to the "illegitimate dominance of man over the weaker sex." In every respect she is sane and sensible. She looks the picture of health and radiance in her kimonohakama, which is the present-day costume of fair Japanese literati. This dress consists of the kimono, with wide sleeves, and the Japanized form of European skirt. From Miss Imai's talk and manner it is impossible to conceive that she is a formidable fighter for woman's equality. Neither is there any suggestion about her of the ultra-dignified or dreamy Oriental, living in the traditions of the past. She is, at the same time, modest and sweet.

In the privacy of her room Miss Imai writes the articles for the Magazine which she edits. She is an early riser. Invariably she is at her work at four o'clock in the morning, writing by the light of a small kerosene lamp, squatted on a Japanese mat. Her parents, with whom she makes her home, are passionately fond of her and do all they can to facilitate her work. They are extremely proud of her gifts—in fact, her mother stands somewhat in awe of her modern daughter. Calls on Miss Imai at her home thus are made doubly interesting.

Miss Imai is greatly attached to children. Her little cousin, Take, who lives with her, has the heart's devotion of the journalist. She gives the little girl lessons in English and music, and personally is looking after her education. When Miss Imai is through with her, Take undoubtedly will understand how best to champion the cause of womankind. This popular journalist and lecturer is the centre of attraction in every company which she graces with her presence. Her face is ever wreathed in smiles. There is nothing boisterous about her perennial laugh. Her poise and grace never abandon her. Sometimes she sings a Japanese song, or warbles in quaint, English patois, accompanying herself on a violin or piano. Whatever she does, those who see her inwardly query: "Are there any more Uta Imais in the Orient?" She is considered an "exceptional woman" in Japan. She would be regarded as a remarkable character wherever she might be.

It is impossible to come into contact with this interesting young woman without wondering what Asia would be like, if more of the Oriental women could reach the level she has attained. India would awaken in a single generation if her children could have for their mothers such types of women.

Miss Imai expects, some day, to make India her home.

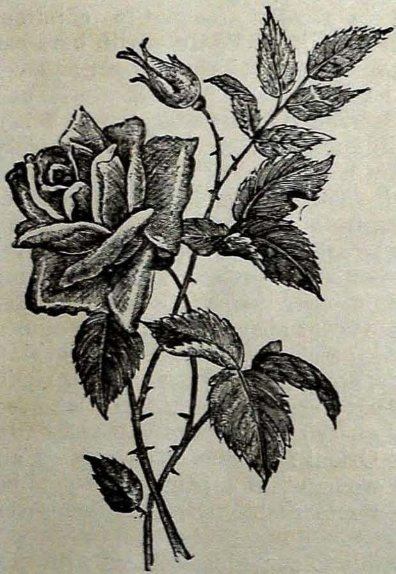
NIHAL SING.

Maxims and Mottos for Home and School Teaching.

FROM SACRED WRITINGS.
ALPHABETICALLY ARRANGED.

BY LADY BENSON.

IV.



"IN the multitude of words there wanteth not sin."

Prov. X. 19.

"In all labour there is profit, but the talk of the lips tendeth only to penury."

Pr. XIV. 23.

"If any man offend not in word, the same is a perfect man and able to bridle the whole body."

James III. 2.

"If any would not work, neither should he eat."

II Thessalonians III. 10.

"I exhort that first of all supplications, prayers, intercessions, and giving of thanks be made for all men; for kings, and for all that are in authority; that we may have a quiet and peaceable life in all godliness and honesty."

I Timothy II. 12.

"It is better to teach knowledge one hour in the night than to pray the whole night."

Traditional saying of Mahomed.

"It is an honour for a man to cease from strife."

Proverbs XX. 3.

If thou faint in the day of adversity thy strength is small."

Proverbs XXIV. 10.

"Judge not that ye be not judged. For with what judgment ye judge ye shall be judged and with what measure ye mete it shall be measured to you again."

Matthew XII. 10.

"Keep order in your surroundings, and keep them as clean as you can." Ramayana.

"Keep thy heart with all diligence; for out of it are the issues of life."

Proverbs V. 23.

"Keep innocency, and take heed to the thing that is right, and that shall bring a man peace at the last."

Psalms.

"Keep thy tongue from evil, and thy lips from speaking guile."

Psalms XXXIV. 13.

"Let not sin reign in your mortal body that ye should obey it in the lusts thereof."

Romans VI. 12.

"Let every soul be subject unto the higher powers. For there is no power but of God; the powers-that-be are ordered of God."

Romans XIII. 1.

"Light is sown for the righteous, and gladness for the upright in heart."

Psalms XCVII. 11.

"Let none of you suffer as a murderer, or as a thief, or as an evil doer, or as a busybody in other men's matters."

I Peter 15.

"Love not the world, neither the things that are in the world. If any man love the world, the love of the Father is not in him. For all that is in the world, the lust of the flesh, the lust of the eyes, and the pride of life is not of the Father, but is of the world, and the world passeth away and the lust thereof; but he that doeth the will of God abideth for ever."

St. John II. 15.

"Love covereth all sins."

Prov. X 12.

"Let every man be swift to hear, slow to speak, slow to wrath."

James I. 19.

"Love as brethren."

I Peter III. 8.

"Let no corrupt communication proceed out of your mouth."

Ephesians IV. 29.

"Let all bitterness, and wrath, and anger, and clamour, and evil-speaking be put away from you, with all malice."

Ephesians IV. 31.

"Let him that stole steal no more but rather let him labour, working with his hands the thing which is good, that he may have to give to him that needeth."

Ephesians IV. 28.

"Let nothing be done through strife and vainglory, but in lowliness of mind let each esteem the other better than themselves."

Phillippians, II. 3.

"Let another man praise thee and not thy own mouth ; a stranger, and not thine own lips."

Prov. XXVII. 2.

"Let your moderation be known unto all men."

Phillippians IV. 5.

"Lie not one to another."

Colossians III. 9.

"Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them which despitefully use you and persecute you."

Matthew V. 44.

"Lay not up for yourselves treasures upon earth, where moth and rust doth corrupt, and where thieves break through and steal: but lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt, and where thieves do not break through nor steal ; for where your treasure is there will your heart be also."

Matthew VI. 19-21.

H. H. Umayamma Rani.

(1677—1684.)

IN one of the previous issues of the *Indian Ladies' Magazine* I wrote a short sketch of the reigns of Rani Lakshmi Bai and Parvathy Bai who ruled Travancore for a period of 19 years. Now I give a short account of the reign or rather regency of Umayamma Rani, who reigned over Travancore for over seven years from 1677 to 1684.

King Aditya Varma ruled over the State from 1661 to 1677. "He was of a very quiet and mild disposition and from his younger days he led a retired and religious life and became more like a spiritual minister than a king." The Yogakkars and the Ettuvetil Pillamars, who were really the leaders of Travancore at that time, who had the control of everything in the State and who were more powerful than the Raja, now became supreme and tried every means to take away the life of the ruler and take the administration of the State into their own hands. They set fire to the Palace in which the Maharaja Aditya Varma and his relatives lived and killed the Raja by administering poison. At the death of the Raja, the Royal family consisted of one lady, the king's niece, named Umayamma Ranee (the subject of our sketch) and her six young sons. All these six children were very young and there was no one to rule over the State. So our Umayamma Ranee became the Regent of the Princes and ruled the State. She was a very learned and intelligent Princess. About this Ranee, Van Rheed, the then Dutch Governor of Ceylon, says, "The Princess of Attingah, who is not alone the mother of Travancore, but the eldest of Tippaposorewam, has a large territory of her own, independent of Travancore, and is also in alliance with the Honourable Company. Along with this old Princess lives a younger one, of such noble and manly conduct that she is both feared and respected by every one, some out of respect to her sex and others out of regard to the old Queen. This youngest Princess knows so well how to turn this respect to her advantage that she not only rules Attingah but Travancore itself, within whose bounds no Princess may set her feet according to their laws nor pass the river *Cunimani* on pain of forfeiting her rights ; but this young Amazon has lately violated those customs and made even the king fly before her."*

Soon after the death of king Aditya Varma, the confederates, the Yogakkars and Ethiveetil Pillamars came to the Queen and expressed their condolences and promised to be faithful to her person acknowledging her to be the rightful ruler of the State. The simple-minded Queen believed them and they in their turn began to weave plots to murder the 6 princes (the sons of the Ranee). One moon-light night the confederates sent some of their boys to play with the Princes and made the boys induce the young princes to come out of the Palace, and play on the white sands near a tank close by, called Kalippankulam (a tank for playing). The boys did their duty satisfactorily and the five Princes were drowned by some of the confederates who were waiting on the sides of the tank. The boys then spread the news that the princes had been accidentally drowned. The Queen now knew everything and thought that it was not safe to live within that Fort and so for the safety of her only remaining son, who was only nine years old, she left the Palace and fled

* From the Travancore Manual, by Mr. V. Nagam Iya, B.A.

to Neduvangad with some of her faithful followers. The palace and Fort at Puthencottah where the King Aditya Varma was buried and also where the five sons of the Ranee were buried has now become the Hindu burial ground where thousands of dead bodies are cremated every year.

At Neduvangad the Ranee and her only son remained safe. The Ranee never interfered in the State affairs, for she feared, that if she did, the confederates might put her only son also to death. But soon dissensions broke out among the confederates themselves and they began to grow selfish and look after their own affairs. And as a consequence anarchy prevailed in the State.

Taking advantage of this state of affairs (in 1680), a petty sirdar under the Mughul Emperor invaded South Travancore and marched into Trivandrum and encamped at Manacad. There was no one to fight against him, the Yogakkars and Ethivitil Pillamars having left the place already. The Sirdar now began to do all sorts of damage and he would have destroyed the pagoda and other places of worship, had not a few pathans attached to our Travancore House interfered. They persuaded the Sirdar not to destroy the temple and not to interfere in the Hindu Religion. This had some effect and the Sirdar submitted to their proposals. They also told the Sirdar all about the State—the flight of the Ranee, the supremacy of the confederates etc.—All this made the Sirdar to desist from mischief, but still all the country between Thovalay and Edavay became his possession.

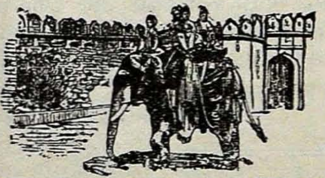
Finding it difficult to get back her State from the Sirdar, Umayamma Ranee adopted a safe policy. She summoned Kerala Varma, a relative of hers, an expert in sword exercise and arrow shooting, and made him chief counsellor and Commander-in-Chief of her army. Kerala Varma cleverly managed his business and soon collected a very large army and armed the sepoys with bows, arrows, slings, swords and lances. With this force, Kerala Varma made an unexpected attack on the Sirdar, who was then forced to retreat to Thovalay where his troops had gone to collect the revenue. He was followed by Kerala Varma and in a battle at Thiruvattar the Sirdar was defeated and killed. Kerala Varma then put down the disobedient chiefs and brought them all under control. The Queen was brought to Trivandram and she ruled nobly with the advice of this Kerala Varma who was even elevated to the position of Elaya Raja. The Puthencotta palace was demolished and with the materials two palaces were built. These were Thevarathukoikal—the residence of the Ranees even to this day,—and Valiya Koikal.

Seeing that the strength of the Ranee rested with Kerala Varma, the confederates conspired against his life and put him to death. But some say that the Queen and Kerala Varma had some misunderstanding between them and he was killed at the instigation of the Ranee. Anyhow he was killed soon and the Ranee lost her able supporter.

And in 1684, Ravi Varma, the son of the Ranee, attained his 16th year and so the sovereignty was transferred to him and he was duly installed on the Musnad. Umayamma Rani was the first female ruler of Travancore and even in those lawless times she ruled the State well. This clearly shows that women even in those times had the capacity to rule.

R. K.

The Malayalee Girl.



THE Malayalee girl is a sweet and sprightly creature. Her beauty and winsomeness have won universal admiration. Ethnologists give the Malayalees a Dravidian origin; but there is nothing in the Malayalee girl's features to confirm the theory. She is of a perfectly Aryan cut and looks fine and beautiful.

Malabar is indeed a bright and unique spot in this vast continent of India. Her luxuriant vegetation, her broad and majestic rivers, her high mountains and thickly-wooded glens—all endows her with a sort of endearing wildness. Dame Nature has justified her claim to harmony in all her workings, by locating in this smiling land, laughing and interesting fairies—the Malabar beauties.

Generally Malayalee girls have a fair complexion. Their dress (originally, shamefully sparse, but considerably improved now) is pure and snow-white. There is nothing like spotless white to set off to advantage the person of a good-looking girl. The tastefulness of the choice is to be applauded; it is all of a piece with the bright and smiling aspect of the country. The Malayalee girl is a model of cleanliness. She seldom fails to bathe twice a day. It is, indeed, a sight to see every morning and evening beautiful young maidens wending home their way with fresh and radiant faces, after a cold and healthy plunge in the village tank. Some unkind critics think that the Malayalee girl is unspeakably barbarous in the choice of her ornaments. But I

remember being told by an English lady that Malayalee women look particularly handsome with their broad and heavy ear-ornaments on. For my part, I should think that it is high time that they gave up those massive fret-works for something finer. But the greatest personal charm of the Malayalee girl is her long and luxuriant blue-black hair.

So much for her person and dress—what are her accomplishments? Surely they are not many. She is musical and has a natural inclination to be poetic. The indigenous music of Malabar is of a poor quality; and the Malayalee girl has to resort to Tamil music for the cultivation of her musical tendencies. Her educational qualifications are not of the best; but in that respect she is not inferior to her sisters of many other parts of India.

There are some important points to be considered in relation to our subject. I propose to deal briefly with only two of the most important. The first that naturally comes in for a large share of attention is the question of her education. It is a cant with the generality of men to assert that they are infinitely superior to women in their intellectuality. This unqualified assertion has many a time been challenged and proved baseless. An experienced head-master of a mixed school, assures me that he has generally found the Malayalee girls to be more intelligent than the boys. The difficulty seems to be that it is very hard to fix upon a comprehensive and *useful* scheme of education for our girls. One thing seems to me to be quite clear: it is a vain delusion to hope to make English the medium of culture for our girls. If any real progress is to be made, vernacular education must be placed on a better footing and made quite popular. Oh! how much more lovable a creature the Malayalee girl would be if her mind could be made as bright as her exterior!

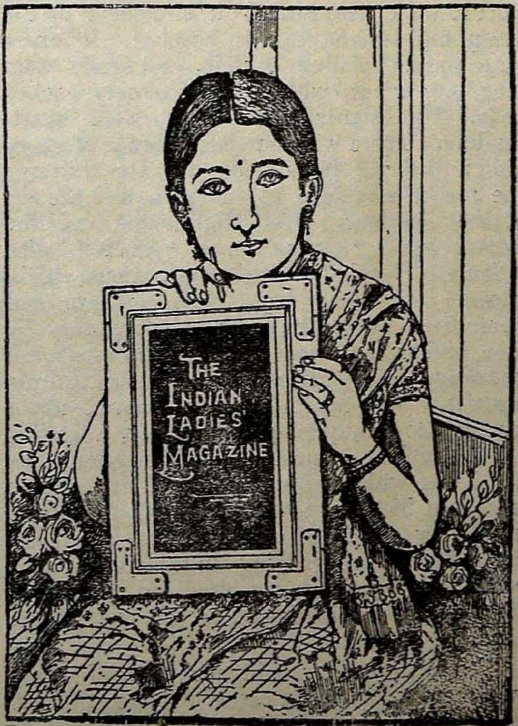
The other point to which I wish to refer is the social system of Malabar. It is a curious, and to some minds, an unnatural system. Its rules and laws are revolting to the mind of an English-educated Malayalee. But the system has its bright side also. Many of these mischievous and unmeaning trammels which are the bane of other societies in India do not stand in our way. We are not compelled to marry our girls in their childhood, and the cast-iron rigidity of caste rules is melting away. These and many other circumstances are in favor of progress. But how powerfully are the absurd laws of inheritance working for untold evil! They breed irresponsibility on the part of men and faithlessness on the part of women. The Malabar woman is indeed singularly unfortunate in some things. The poetry of her soul is chilled and she is demoralised. We need not be surprised if we sometimes meet with Malayalees, who are extremely disgusted with the existing social arrangements, especially when we remember that a strong tide of reform and enlightenment is sweeping over the length and breadth of the country. But a word of caution. It will not do to make any sudden change, which will only help to dislocate the present working order without being able to replace it. A violent revolution affecting the social fabric of a community, is likely to do more injury than good. A change may be necessary; but the reformer should proceed cautiously and along the line of least resistance.

The stock *recipe* for all such ills is a good dose of Education. It is regrettable that no advantage is taken of the many natural blessings the country has. The Malayalee girl has a hopeful future, if only her people will not totally neglect her.

E. Sankaran Unni.

Easy Pages for our Girls.

I. FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE.



This remarkable lady was born in 1820 in Florence, a beautiful city in Italy. In her youth she had the benefit of the tuition of her father

who taught her classics and mathematics. She learnt several modern languages and became a good musician. Her one object of life was to relieve the poor and visit the sick.

In her twentieth year, Miss Florence succeeded to a large estate. She might have enjoyed luxury and spent an easy life. But she spent her days and her wealth in going to the rescue of the distressed and the oppressed. She travelled all over Europe to learn the best mode of nursing the sick. For some months she attended an institution for the training of nurses, and fearlessly went into fever-stricken places and haunts where cholera virulently raged.

In the year 1854, when the British Government declared war against Russia, an army of twenty-five thousand men sailed for the Crimea. Very soon the hospitals were filled with the sick and the wounded and there were four miles of beds. Nurses were asked to go out to attend them. Miss Nightingale set out with forty-two nurses, many of whom were ladies of high position. On the day she arrived at Scutari, opposite to Constantinople, the great battle of Inkerman was fought. "The wounded were brought from Crimea, and landed at the Pier. Those who could, walked to the great barrack hospital; those who were too badly hurt to walk were carried on stretchers up the steep hill leading to the hospital. It was a large square building outside, and inside were long bare rooms, with rows of closely packed beds. The sights and sounds were heart-rending. There were horrible wounds of every kind: disease in all its terrible variety; the heavy moanings of sufferers, and the cry of the delirious. Miss Nightingale and the nurses wore "aprons" and "bands" with "Scutari Hospital" marked on them, plain gowns and white caps. The soldiers had never been nursed by women before, only by men, and some of them had been very rough, not knowing anything of sickness and unable to dress wounds. But the lady nurses moved about from bed to bed, quickly and quietly, attending to each sufferer in turn, and working for hours and hours with no rest. Some of the soldiers were too ill even to know where they were, until they slowly returned to life, and found themselves no longer lying on the battle-fields, but in the hospital, being cared for and looked after by Miss Nightingale or by one of her band.

Miss Nightingale would cook herself whenever there were urgent cases and feed the sick and dying men. She had a great power of command over the soldiers. When she went to Crimea she never failed to visit the camp hospitals and to take some nurses there. Some weeks later she was seized with fever and she was placed on board a vessel bound for England. After her recovery, though even then she was weak and ill, she returned to the Scutari Hospital where there was more work to be done.

In September 1855, the Crimean war was at an end and Miss Nightingale remained at Scutari till the English had finally left Turkey in 1856. "England had resolved to give her a public welcome, but she shrank from it, and quietly arrived at her home in Derbyshire unrecognised. But England wanted to show her gratitude to her in some way for the good work she had done and the soldiers wanted to share." A fund was therefore started, styled the "Nightingale Fund." All heartily joined in this movement and nearly five lakhs of rupees were raised in a few days. At Miss Nightingale's special wish, the fund was devoted to the formation of a training school for nurses at St. Thomas' Hospital in London.

Queen Victoria presented Miss Nightingale with a beautiful diamond brooch; the word "Crimea" was engraved on it, and on the back were the words, "Florence Nightingale, as a mark of esteem and gratitude for her devotion towards the Queen's brave soldiers. From Victoria, R." The Sultan of Turkey also presented her with a costly diamond bracelet.

In the year 1858, she published a book called "Notes on Nursing", which soon became very popular. She wrote a valuable paper suggesting measures for the recovery of the sick during the time of the Great Indian Mutiny. She sought also the welfare of the people of India and urged the Government to take measures to render the towns and villages much more beautiful.

In 1892, Miss Nightingale held correspondence with the Secretary of State for India to better the sanitary condition of our country: in many ways she proved herself a great and sincere friend of India.

The latest honour conferred on Miss Nightingale is the roll of the Order of Merit. As the *Times of India* says: "At the foot and the head there stand the names of two members, who have worked for India. That is a fact which it is useful to recall, for her earlier work in the Crimea has overshadowed Miss Nightingale's later labours on behalf of the Army, especially the Army in India, but she will never be forgotten as the initiator of the modern system of training nurses. The honour thus bestowed comes to her late in life, and though no decoration can place her higher in the country's esteem, we are glad it has been given."

V. S. A.

COROMANDEL FISHERS.

Rise, brothers, rise, the wakening skies pray to the morning light,
The wind lies asleep in the arms of the dawn like a child that has cried all night.
Come, let us gather our nets from the shore, and set our catamarans free,
To capture the leaping wealth of the tide, for we are the sons of the sea.

No longer delay, let us hasten away in the track of the sea-gull's call,
The sea is our mother, the cloud is our brother, the waves are our comrades all.
What though we toss at the fall of the sun where the hand of the sea-god drives?
He who holds the storm by the hair, will hide in his breast our lives.

Sweet is the shade of the cocoanut glade, and the scent of the mango grove,
And sweet are the sands at the full o' the moon with the sound of the voices we love.
But sweeter, oh brothers, the kiss of the spray and the dance of the wild foam's glee:
Row, brothers, row to the blue of the verge, where the low sky mates with the sea.

Sarojini Naidu.

II. THE USEFULNESS OF THE LEMON FOR WOMEN.

MANY women do not really know how useful the "homely little lemon" is to them. I was the other day reading a stray volume of the "Lady's Realm" when I came across the following information about the lemon and, thinking that it might do some good to the readers of this paper, I give it here in the form of a short article. The lemon is one of the many proofs we come across in our daily experience that the plenty or cheapness of a thing decreases its value in the eyes of man. It is particularly a feminine frailty to esteem but little that which exists in nature in abundance or costs only a few pence. The very cheapness of the lemon has, perhaps, detracted from its right appreciation. Yet, the little golden thing "holds within its shiny, yellow skin health-giving properties which all women should hasten to use". No moment is so depressing to a woman as when she suddenly learns the fact, maybe by standing before a mirror or from the chance remarks of a friend or relation, that she is becoming too stout. Now, the juice of the lemon is extremely useful to a stout woman and the unseemly bluntness of her form may be banished by drinking the following prescribed draughts on alternate days after the three principal meals of the day. "The first day, half an hour after the meal, a tumblerful of some acid saline should be drunk,—and there are many such saline waters on the market; care must be taken to use one that has acid properties, or the lemon may be used as a perfectly efficient substitute. The juice of two lemons should be divided into three equal portions, and one of these portions added to a tumbler of cold water, and taken not less than half an hour after the meal.

On the alternate days, at the same time after the three meals, and in the same amount, an alkaline drink should be taken. An alkaline saline may be purchased, or pure water may be used—its alkalinity being ensured by the addition of some ten to fifteen drops of aromatic spirits of ammonia. It is quite immaterial whether an effervescing or still saline is taken in each case—the choice may depend entirely on individual taste in the matter." Remarkable results are produced by a rigid adherence to the course prescribed. The fat in the body will be reduced gradually and the woman regains her old proportions.

The lemon is useful in many other ways to a woman in her thousand-and-one little niceties of the toilet. As a bleach to beautify the finger nails, or to whiten the skin, or to remove unsightly stains of any kind on the body or the dress, the juice of the lemon is invaluable.

Lemon juice also cures head-ache. "The best cure for a head-ache" writes the author of the article, which is the source of the present contribution,—"is again the useful lemon. Two slices of lemon should be held in the hands, and rubbed with gentle steady friction over the temples". The aching of the head is to a large extent nervous and is generally due to the sudden stimulation of the blood-flow, and "the soothing effect of this gentle friction is very marked and still more effectual if the lemon slices are gently rubbed on the sufferer's temples by a light-handed assistant or friend."

III. PRETTY FANCIES.

1. THE RISING OF THE MOON.

My heart was hot and weary, my life seemed hard and sad.

I turned to an eastern window and gazed out with tear-filled eyes, and, as I gazed, the soothing magic of the fair scene fell o'er my spirit till my heart grew tranquil and my sorrow sank to rest. 'Twas eventide, and in the glowing west the sun had sunk, but the dying glory yet flooded the world with tender light.

The year was at the spring, the early dawning spring, and the tall elms that met my gaze were putting forth a warm robe of thick red buds, over which the after-glow from the sunset shed a soft pink light.

But behind, ah, behind the ruddy elms, gleamed the wondrous, great, gold moon rising above the misty hilltop, and floating gradually upwards in the soft pure blue of the eastern sky.

Between the red elm boughs glowed the glorious lamp of night, and the dying western glow seemed to tint its radiance with hazy pink and mauve.

Up and up, brighter and more silver each moment, while I held my breath in wonder, rode the beauteous vision.

Now the trees below in the dewy garden were no more than dark mysterious shapes; only the tall elms stood out dark and clear in the moonlight.

Then they grew dimmer and yet more dim, as the silver orb rose higher and higher in the soft sky, till it hung suspended in space.

Far, far below now were the dark elms, almost lost to my sight in the dusk that gathered about them.

Far, far above was that wondrous moon, a great, glorious, triumphant, silvery thing lighting the sleeping, silent earth with its tender rays of pale pure light.

And I sank on my knees by the dark eastern window, and bowed my head. In my heart was the hush and calm of the moonlight eventide, the passion and tempest had fled away. To my lips rose broken murmurings, as I thanked the

Maker of all things pure and beautiful for His wondrous gifts unto the children of men.

2. THE PLAIN PRINCESS.

"So the new *prima donna* is a beauty?" the Princess remarked.

Bianca, her maid, looked up.

"A beauty indeed, your Highness; her raven hair and soft black eyes mark her out as one immediately. Prince della Santa himself is to be of her audience to-night," she replied demurely.

"Ah! 'tis good to be so lovely, Bianca," came the rather plaintive words, and the grey-eyed Princess sighed.

Bianca, a confidante as well as tire-woman, looked animated.

"Princess! Highness!" she cried. "A high-born lady such as you, with the loveliest voice in Italy, need envy no one. Have I not said your Highness's singing is of the best, and I am not alone in this opinion," and the maid tossed her head as one fully assured of her rights to such liberties as to contradict in a way, which only the greatest favourites would dare attempt.

"Truly now, I think, I'll go to the Opera to see and hear for myself. Come now, out with a sober grey gown, as becomes the Plain Princess of the Hills, and I'll be off." The little lady was all smiles and sparkles.

Bianca, with a hopeless gesture, went to obey her command. The great Prince of Zeria had certainly a wayward daughter.

....

The musical director at the Redmont Opera-house was running about distractedly. Most of the singers kept out of little Conti's way, as his temper was not of the safest.

"The Royal Prince has arrived to hear Leonari," were the whispers.

"Conti will indeed be a 'made' man."

One bolder than the others asked him then what worried him.

"The matter? Oh, the pity! I am a ruined man. His Highness is in the box, but Leonari she refuses to come. Her boy is ill and nothing is of avail, and they will all go away in wrath." The distracted man was full of pity for himself.

"Can I assist? I have learnt singing, and can at least place my notes," a quiet voice said.

A plain sober little lady with great grey eyes stood before the master.

"You! who are you, that you dare attempt to place yourself with the *prima donna*?" he exclaimed irritably.

"Listen! This is the song of Despair out of 'Fra Giovanni,' as I should volunteer it."

A piano stood at the back; the Princess (for it was she) strummed the opening; a few minutes later the golden notes were floating on the air.

"Grand! Come, come, I am saved," cried Conti delightedly. When the curtain rose a few minutes later, people gazed in wonder at the new songstress. Was this then the great beauty? Incredulous! But when the lovely voice swelled out and up, the impulsive Italians cheered with delight, and after it was over the impetuous Prince sprang away, and behind to the stage itself.

"Singer, you have given me my happiness back; before you sang I was a hardened man. Now I am light-hearted and gay, and shall I let my charmer vanish? No, no!" he whispered.

The Princess laughed happily.

"You may come and see me to-morrow. All is possible," she said.

3. THE RUSTLING OF A FLAX BUSH.

"Why do you always rustle so discontentedly?" I asked of a certain solitary flax bush out in the wilds, as I sat under its cool shade one hot day.

"Because I have cause to," said the flax bush; "because I am very lonely and ill-used."

"Well," I said, "all flax bushes rustle in the wind, but you seem to rustle more than any flax bush I ever sat under."

"I always did have cause to rustle," said the flax bush, "and always will have, I suppose."

"Even before the time of the white man?"

"Yes, but not so much."

"Tell me your life story," I asked.

The flax bush rustled and sighed, and said—

"There is not much to tell. I look back with regret to the time before the white man came with his sharp tools, and fire, when I had companion bushes all around me. Then I *was* a handsome bush, with my glossy green blades and my many and elegant flower stalks. Look at me now; I am a disgrace to my name."

The flax bush rustled very angrily now. "See that burnt spot near my roots? A white man who comes here to muster sheep, boiled his billy there one wet day, and that bent flower stalk is where he hung his billy. That trodden-down spot is where he sheltered himself from the rain. He tethered his horse to me also, and the mischievous animal chewed the ends of my youngest blades. To crown all, before he went he cut a bundle of my strongest blades to use at his sheep pens instead of rope."

"How very useful you are!" I said. "Though you are not handsome, you ought to be glad to be of so much use. Would you rather be that toi-toi bush over yonder on the hillside, waving its handsome plumes? What use is it except for ornament? It belongs to a useless family of grasses. Its handsome plumes yield no honey to the bee, and its foliage is sharp and cutting. When climbing the hillside once I slipped, and

clutched some toi-toi for support, and it cut my hand. As for you, dear, useful flax bush, you belong to the lily. Your flowers yield sweet honey for the bees, and you clothed the Maoris in days gone by. Now, tell me more of your life story, about the time of the broken-skinned man, and how he treated you."

"Come another day," said the flax bush, rustling gently.

"Farewell, then," I said, "Until the next time I need your welcome shelter."

....

I came another day, but the flax bush had disappeared, and only the smouldering roots were left. A spark from a neighbouring swamp fire, I suppose, had caused it.

"Oh, flax bush," I said, "how you will be missed! I hope that your roots are not all burnt, and that you will grow up again next spring."

4. HOW ROSES CAME INTO THE WORLD.

Between the City and the Church is the Field Floridus, that is to say, the Field Flowering, forasmuch as a fair maid was blamed with wrong and slandered, for which cause she was to die and be burnt. As the fire began to burn she prayed to our Lord that she was not guilty and He would help her and make it known unto all men. She entered into the fire, which was quenched and went out. The brands that were burning became red rose-trees, and the brands that were not kindled became white rose-trees full of roses. These were the first rose-trees and roses, both white and red, that any man ever saw. Thus, the maiden was saved by the grace of God, and, therefore, is that field named the Field of God's Flowers, for it was full of roses.—*An old Legend.*

IV. GLEANINGS FROM ANCIENT CLASSICS.

The Peacock-Gin.

What distinguishes man from the rest of the creation is his aspiration. In his ardent wish to be great and good, he devises methods of elevating himself in the estimation of the world. In the good old times when the revolution now effected by harnessing steam and electricity to the yoke of our daily activities was not so much as dreamt of, locomotion is said to have been effected by the sages with the help of *kuligais* or pills which they put into their mouths and which enabled them to go whereever they pleased. This is now thought to be a poetic fancy, but the scientific inventions of modern times which have made very rapid strides in the sphere of locomotive facilities lead us to hope for the day when man can, in the twinkle of an eye, go over leagues upon leagues without vehicles, undeterred by the great natural barriers of huge mountains and large rivers. Ideas and speculations like these are not new to English literature. In the *Discovery of a New World*, Bishop Wilkins has speculated on the possibility of men flying to the sphere of the moon by means of wings attached to their bodies. This ambitious scheme is elaborated in the *Life and Adventures of Peter Wilkins.* In this remarkable work of daring imaginative adventure, Robert Paltock sends his shipwrecked hero to the country of *Glumms* and *Gowreys* or Men and Women that fly, and gives a vivid description of strange regions and the laws, customs and manners obtaining there. The fable of *Icarus* is well-known. When the son of the mythic Greek Sculptor and artificer fled from Crete with the help of the wings made by his father and soared high in the air, the sun melted his artificial wings, so that he fell into the sea and was drowned. These fables and fictions only show that aerial flights are not beyond the possibilities of the human inventive genius. The balloon is but a half-way house to the consummation of man's winged flight. In the *Squire's Tale* Chaucer describes a horse of brass, so constructed as to enable the rider to travel long distances in a trice. Here is what the morning-star of English song says about it, the words being spelt as in modern English, though to the detriment of the rhythm of the passage:—

"Great was the press, that swarmeth to and fro,
To gaze on this horse that standeth so;
For it so high was, and so broad and long,
So well-proportioned for to be strong,
Right as it were a steed of Lombardy;
Therewith so horsely, and so quick of eye
As it a gentle Apulia courser were.
For certes, from his tail unto his ear
Nature nor art could him naught amend
In no degree, as all the people weened,
But evermore her most wonder was,
How that it could go on, and was of brass.

....

This horse anon began to trip and dance
When that his knight laid hand upon his rein,
And said, 'Sir, there is no more to sayn,
But, when you list to ride anywhere
Ye must trill a pin which stands in his ear,
Which I shall tell you betwixt us two.'
You must name him to what place also,
Or to what country that you list to ride.
And when you come there as you list abide,
Bid him descend, and *trill another pin*,
For therein lieth the effect of all the gin,
And he will down descend and do your will.

This magical horse of brass is of Arabian fancy, founded on Arabian learning. It obeys implicitly the rider's mandate; and the power of giving life or speech to compositions in metal is traced to the skill of the Eastern alchemists. In the ancient classics of India, such Engines are too common and aerial flights no rarity.

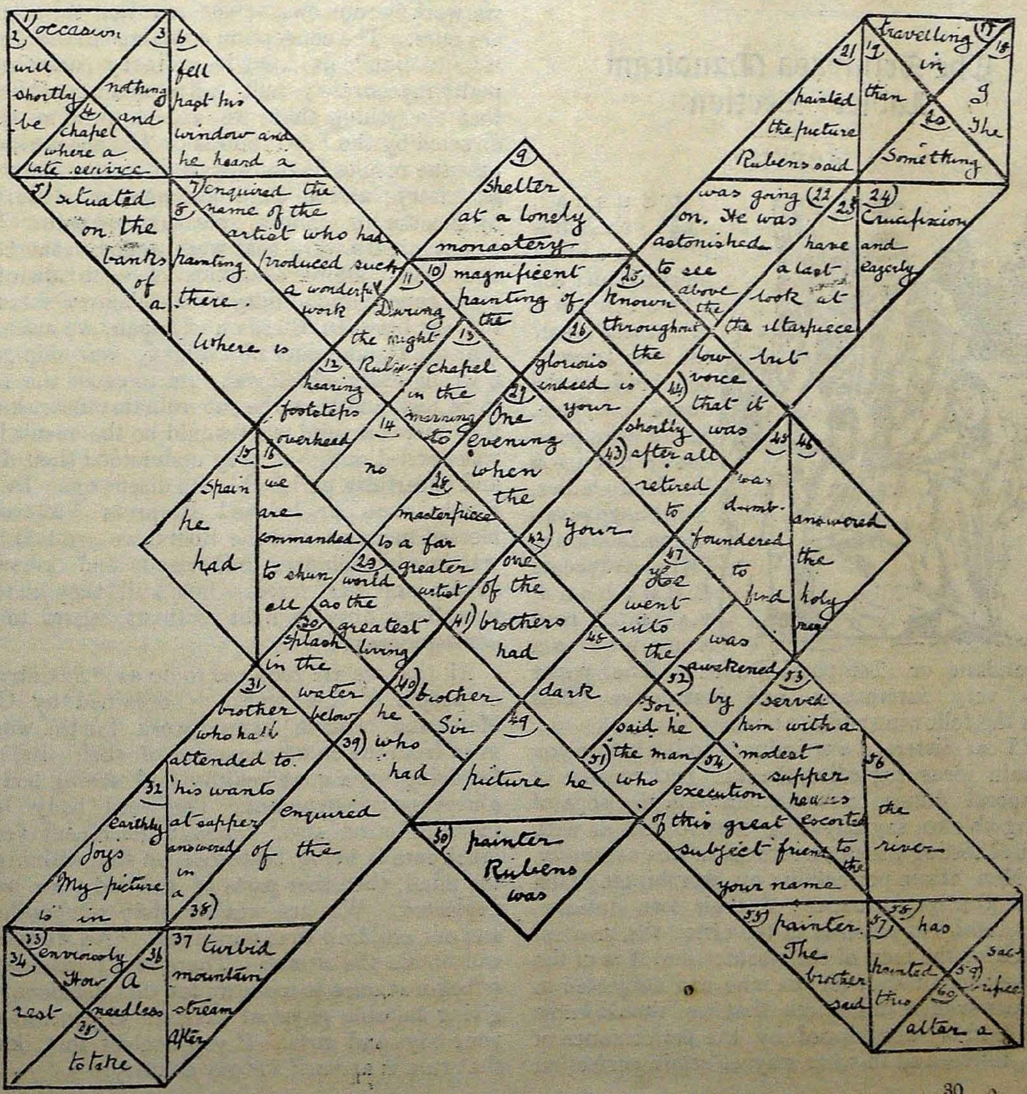
Ravana carried Seta away in an aerial car which soared high in the heavens. The *Peacock-Gin* is the machinery described in *Jwak Chintamani* that effected the Escape of Queen Vijayai from the clutches of the fiendish usurper of her husband's dominion. In stanza 205 of *Namakial Ilambakam*, an account is given of the materials used for the construction of the Engine and in stanzas 208-9, it is followed by that of Queen Vijayai's practice on this machine. The Gin took seven days for the artificer to make, and what follows is a close rendering of the stanzas referred to above.

Full many a cloth and gum and clean threads white,
With lac refined and wax combined with might,
With other things well knit ere sennight passed
The artist brought the coursing Gin compassed,
The dancing peacock-gin that way,
In palace yards and groves by day.
She rode in speed slowly waxing
As trilled her lord, as tunes rising.
The gin her tuning fingers turned right wise when high
It soared and soared and cut the cloud that past in sky;
She turned it left, and down at once the peacock fell
With all its legs, as one to set the seers pell mell.

All Science will hail the glorious day when an artistic genius hits successfully upon the best and easiest method of transit which does not demand the expenditure of the short-lived energies of man for the purpose.

V. A PRIZE COMPETITION PUZZLE STORY.

The sixty divisions of the cross contain a complete story and its title. Give a list of the divisions in the order in which they should be taken to complete the story.



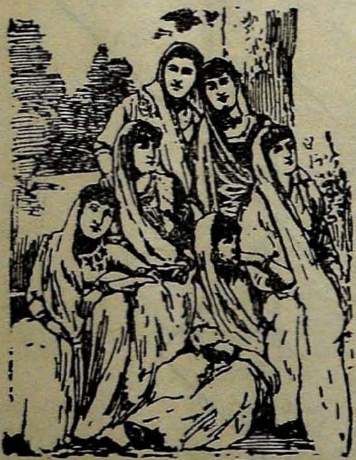
VI. THE CAUVERY FALLS.

Merrily dashing and splashing the Cauvery waters foam
Now raising a silvery minaret and now a sparkling dome;
And over the rocky precipice its currents joyous leap;
As a wayward infant, bounding, into the valley deep:
White and clear as crystal tho' thy beauties be
There is one charm but paramount the one that gladdens me
Thy free spontaneous movement, thy spring from nature's arms,
This is thy greatest loveliness—brightest of all thy charms.

LALITA GUPTA.

The Srinivasa Mandiram Ladies' Section.

A MEETING.



As usual, the ladies held a meeting on the afternoon of Saturday last, the 28th December, 1907, at the above place. There were present about a hundred ladies. Sowbbaghyavati Kamakshamma (Mrs. Advocate B. Subbana, B.A., B.L.,) read a paper on "Mandane or Temporal Duties". The paper was very interesting and instructive. This was the following address:—

"Dear Sisters, I am induced to lay before you certain ideas regarding the due performance of temporal duties, not so much with the hope of being able to say anything new to you, as with that of testing their correctness in this assembly.

'Men attain perfection by worshipping God with the performance of their own duties;' says Lord Sri Krishna in the Gita, the greatest solace for the men of the world; and it is of the highest importance for us who are subjected to the bondage of this earth that we should know how God is worshipped by the performance of our duties, and in what way we attain perfection by this. The path of renunciation prescribed for liberation is too difficult for ordinary men to follow.

It must be admitted that of the whole earthly creation, man is the most sublime; and the human body, consisting of the Intelligence (*Buddhi*), the Mind (*Manas*), and the organs of the senses, must be regarded as the most beautiful instrument wherewith the Creator seems to do many things. The Lord who is the sustainer of the whole universe is the innate-self (*Antharyamin*) of the entire creation, animate and inanimate; and with this glory or Maya, the whole world appears in this differentiated condition; and with His strength alone, the sensory organs and the mind and the intelligence carry on their operations. Therefore, it is the duty of all to do His behests with faith, love and cheerfulness.

The real cause of all misery is the belief that we work for our own selves and that the results are ours. The conception contained in the words "I" "Mine" as used in ordinary parlance is really inaccurate; and a firm and honest belief that everything that we are required to do is directed by the Lord and is on His account, and that the results do not appertain to us, dissolves all misery; and we shall no longer be disturbed by success or failure, pleasure or pain. The recent mighty wars that were waged in the East and West afford examples of such disinterested action; and of duty for duty's own sake. In the war between Russia and Japan, we are told, that the Commander of a mighty war-ship gave a wrong order which was sure to cause the ship to be lost, and that the subordinate officers knew it to be wrong and what would be the result if it was carried out, but they understood their duty and cheerfully perished in its discharge. In the war between our beloved Empress Victoria of blessed memory and the Boers, we are told that warriors in each army had friends and kinsmen in the opposite forces, but still they knew it was their duty to fight without regard to the consequences.

All that we are required to do as "*Samsarins*" or people of this world, is ordained by God. Men and women should work for the world, even from the commencement of their life, and for doing so, a good healthy and strong body is a necessary instrument. The word 'body' here includes mind also. Though in recent years, much care is being bestowed on the training of the mind, the other parts of the body are sadly neglected. We are weaker than our mothers, and our children than ourselves. 'No weak man can obtain the *Atman*. Therefore, I exhort you to begin at once to make up for this deficiency by giving suitable physical exercise to yourself and your boys and girls. If you neglect this, know that ruin is at hand for our country.

Though wealth is not of primary importance in temporal duties, wealth has also a mighty function to perform. It is said to be the external life of man. Man earns money and it is women that should know how to spend it. Daily expenses should be cut short to lay by money for meeting extraordinary demands; and by all fair and just means we must lay by money. Every man's expenditure must be limited to his means and the demands of the occasion. What may be styled lavishness in one may be economy or even parsimony in another. We spend large sums of money on festive occasions. It cannot be said that it is wholly unnecessary to do so. Those that say all this should be stopped in order to lay by money for helping the poor are in the wrong. It is ridiculous to say that the poor should not work and that food should be taken to their mouths. Money spent on festive occasions is largely meant to help the poor by taking work from them in various ways and paying for it. A man who refuses to spend money according to the needs of the occasion, and puts forward such excuses, is a veritable sinner.

I have attempted thus far to submit to you some aspects of the first two of the four aspirations of men, *Dharma*, *Artha*, *Kama* and *Moksha* and have taken up much of your valuable time, and probably there are many mistakes in what I have said; I do not therefore propose now to treat of the other two, lest I may commit more mistakes and spend more of your time, and shall conclude this discourse with singing a verse in praise of Him, through whose grace, Janaka and others obtained liberation by performing their duties without the expectation of any reward."

Here the lecturer sang a verse in Kanarese which was a translation from the Sanskrit Bhartruhari and which may be rendered into English as follows:—

"I bow to that pure effulgence which is unconditioned by time or other limitation, and which is the embodiment of existence, intelligence and bliss and capable of comprehension, only by one's own intuition."

When the reading of the paper was finished, a hearty vote of thanks was given to the lecturer. It was then announced that a fair member of the Lingayet community of Bangalore had consented to deliver the next lecture, the subject being "GOOD COMPANY."

The day and time fixed is as usual, Saturday, 3-30 P. M., 4th Jan. '08. All respectable Hindu ladies are cordially invited to grace the occasion with their presence.

S. MANDIRAM,
31st December, 1907.

The Late Sardarni Umrao Singh

(WHOSE PHOTO WE GIVE IN OUR FRONTISPIECE.)

Strew on her roses, roses,
And never a spray of yew.
In quiet she reposes,
Oh would that I did too.

Her mirth the world required,
She bathed it in smiles of glee,
But her heart was tired, tired,
And now they let her be.

Her life was turning, turning,
In mazes of heat and sound;
But for peace her soul was yearning,
And now peace laps her round.

Her cabin'd ample spirit,
It flutter'd and fail'd for breath;
To-night it doth inherit,
The vast hall of death.

(MATHEW ARNOLD.)

Captain Sardar Gulab Singh of Alatri was much disappointed when his little daughter was born. But when she smiled at him her own angelic smile, his heart thrilled with joy and he began to love her more than he loved anyone or anything. As she grew up he would take her out with him and delighted to introduce her to his friends and was justly proud of her charming prattle and sweet loving manners. She was taught Gurmukhi and much against the custom of the family he taught her Urdu also, for he loved her with all his heart and tried to gratify every whim and fancy of the little daughter, whom he lovingly named Narindra Kumari.

She was barely thirteen when he got her married to Sardar Umrao Singh Majethia, who was his ward. In fact, he and his friend Raja Surat Singh, Sardar Umrao Singh's father, had agreed to marry their children long before they were born, and though Raja Surat Singh had passed away long before the happy day arrived, his friend lived to see it fulfilled.

Thus began the married life of Sardarni Umrao Singh. She found in her boy-husband a poet and an artist who touched her gifted soul with new aspirations and she responded to all that was beautiful and true in life. She picked up English in no time, threw up Pardah and was the first Sikh lady to introduce inter-dining among the Sikhs.

She, with her husband, paid a visit to Europe in 1896 which she repeated again in 1897 to attend the Diamond Jubilee of Queen Victoria,

when she made some very good friends. On her return home to Lahore, she gathered round her a circle of friends, English and Indian, who found an indescribable charm in her delightful company. Her soul seemed to have crossed the narrow limits of caste, creed, and country, and her home was delightfully cosmopolitan in its character; for her husband's philosophical theories and the frankly charming manners of his wife formed a combination, which attracted men of all shades of opinion to their house. Her generosity knew no bounds, she found the value of money only in its use and showered presents on her friends with no stinting hand, and yet the empty formalities and petty things of life never satisfied her and her soul always yearned for the unattainable, which, perhaps, is hers now.

She was only 36 years of age when she left this vale of tears. In the morning she had dressed in her own inimitable manner and was about to go out for a drive, when she felt ill and returned to her room; in the evening she was joking with her doctor, and yet before the dawn of a new morning her beautiful soul had left its earthly abode.

How sweet, unreached by earthly jars
My sister, to maintain with thee
The hush among the shining stars,
The calm upon the moonlit sea.

How sweet to feel on the soft air
All our unquiet pulses cease;
To feel that nothing can impair
Thy gentleness, thy thirst for peace.

Our Needle Work Column.

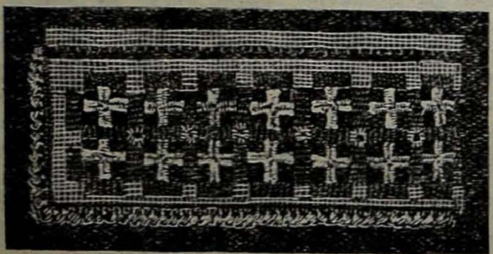


FIG. 1.

Fig. 1. Simple design for Puritan collar and cuffs worked on fine Congress Canvas. The little squares are formed by working nine outlining stitches to each side of the square, cutting away two threads, leaving four threads, and cutting away two threads on each side of the square. The cross of four threads to be worked with plain weave stitch. The eyelet holes are plain sewing over stitches, and the edge is button-holed and worked with Point de Venice stitch.

FIG. 2.

Fig. 2. Insertion worked on Congress Canvas for casement curtains, towel ends, chair backs, etc., worked in 3 stitches outlining weave stitch, and simple lace filling, Particularly notice that for the squares in centre of design five threads are cut away on each side of the bars, and for the border only four threads are cut away between each bar.

FIG. 3.

Fig. 3. Handsome square, worked on Hardangen canvas. In outlining stitch, plain barring and lace filling, further ornamented with back stitching. Suitable for cushion covers, nightdress cases, etc.

Our Cookery Column.

RICE CREAM.

INGREDIENTS. One quart of milk, two ounces of almonds, one ounce of butter, a quarter of a pound of moist white sugar, a quarter of a pound of ground rice, a laurel-leaf.

Mix the rice into a paste with a little of the cold milk, boil the rest of the milk with the sugar and laurel-leaf, add the rice, stir well in the milk for about ten minutes, add the almonds, which must have been first blanched and chopped. Now take out the laurel-leaf from the mixture and pour it into a mould, which must have been first rinsed with cold water. Turn out when cold on a glass dish and serve, either alone or with any sort of stewed fruit or syrup.

SNOWBALLS.

Ingredients.—Half a pound of rice, one quart of milk, two ounces of blanched almonds or a flavouring of essence of vanilla, preserved cherries and custard, three ounces of sugar.

Boil the rice in the milk with the sugar and any flavouring you may have at hand—bay-leaves, almonds, vanilla or lemon. The rice when tender must not be too dry, in which case a little more milk must be added. Now take a number of cups of patty-pans, fill them with the rice, when cold turn outside by side on a glass dish. On the top of each of these snowballs place a preserved cherry or a piece of currant or quince jelly, and cover all with a nicely-prepared vanilla or lemon custard.

ROLLS IN RED WINE.

Ingredients.—One cupful of red wine, half a cupful of water, a quarter of a pound of white moist sugar, three stale rolls, powdered spice, two ounces of butter.

Cut the rolls into slices, fry these slices golden brown in hot butter and put them on a glass dish. Meanwhile make a hot sauce from the wine, water, sugar, and spice, adding a few sultanas, if liked. Pour this sauce over the fried bread and serve hot to table.

This somewhat novel recipe, absolutely unknown in England, is greatly esteemed by us, and merited with being a most wholesome and tasty sweet.

BREAD FRITTERS.

Ingredients.—Three stale rolls, one pint of milk, four eggs, one teaspoonful of flour, a pinch of salt, two ounces of moist white sugar, a few drops of orange-flower water, or essence of almonds or lemon.

Cut the rolls into thick slices, lay them to soak in the cold milk. Beat the eggs with the salt and flour, and add any of the above flavouring (not the spice). Prepare a pan with swimming boiling butter or fat. Now take your slices of roll from the milk, let them drip a little, lay them one by one into the egg mixture and cook a golden brown in the boiling fat. Strew over these golden fritters white powdered sugar and spice (the latter can be omitted if flavourings have been used). Serve hot with tea, coffee, or as an accompaniment to the stewed fruit.

STRAWBERRY SLICES.

Ingredients.—Two stale rolls or a small stale milk-loaf, one pound of strawberries, two ounces of powdered white sugar, and, according to taste, a little powdered spice. Swimming butter.

Cut the rolls into long slices not too thin, cook them a golden brown in the boiling fat. Mix the strawberries with the sugar and spices, mash with a fork and cover the bread with the mixture. A little whipped cream on the top of these slices is a delicious addition: in the absence of cream beat two egg-whites to a stiff froth, spread over the straw-berry slices and bake a minute in the oven till the egg froth has taken a golden hue.

ALMOND SLICES.

Ingredients.—A quarter of a pound of blanched almonds, a quarter of a pound of sugar, two eggs, the grated rind of half a lemon, two stale rolls.

Blanch and chop the almonds very fine, stir into them the eggs, sugar and lemon-peal. Now cut the rolls into slices half an inch thick, spread the above mixture over them, cook them in a hot oven light brown and serve to table with a custard or wine sauce.

SEMOLINA CROQUETTES.

Ingredients.—Three pints of milk, two ounces of sugar, a pinch of salt, half a pound of semolina, four eggs and flavouring either of vanilla, spices, grated rind of lemons, almonds or orange-flower water.

The milk, with the sugar, salt and flavouring, must be brought to the boil, now add the semolina, pouring it very slowly and from high up into the milk, and then stirring it in well, over a very feeble fire, until the mixture is thick.

Now let the mixture cool a little and add the beaten eggs well into the mass. Take one table spoonful of this mixture after the other and drop them into swimming boiling butter or fat. When of a golden brown remove from the fat on to a dish, strew with mixed spice and powdered sugar and serve hot, either alone or as an accompaniment to stewed fruit. They can also be covered with strawberry or raspberry syrup, and will be found delicious.

BREAD AND BUTTER CROQUETTES.

Ingredients.—Slices of thin bread and butter (any stale pieces will do), two ounces of jam, half a pound of flour, a saltspoonful of salt, two eggs, milk.

Make a batter of the flour, salt, the eggs well whisked and sufficient milk to make the mixture of the consistency of thick cream. Take the slices of bread and butter, spread half of them with jam, and cover them with the other half, cut into neat square pieces, dip into the batter, cook a light brown in swimming butter or fat and serve warm to table strewn over with sugar.

MADEIRA CAKE.

Whisk four eggs as light as possible. Continue to whisk, and throw in by slow degrees in the following order: Six ounces of dry sifted sugar, six ounces of dry sifted flour, four ounces of butter just dissolved; the rind of a fresh lemon grated, and the last moment before putting in the oven, one-third of a teaspoonful carbonate of soda. It is important that each portion of butter must be beaten in till no appearance remains before the rest is added; bake one hour. Candied citron may be added.

Selections.

1. MUSLIM WOMEN IN TURKEY.

By Rev. Canon Sell, D.D.

TRAVELLERS in Turkey and in India have been struck with the greater freedom given to women in the former country as compared with that accorded to them in the latter. The women are not as here for ever shut up within the walls of the Zenana, without any opportunity of seeing the life of the world around, or the beauties of creation. Turkish women in common with Mussulmans elsewhere, as far as their legal position is concerned, have many rights and privileges. As a wife, a Muslim woman has independent control of her property, she can sue and be sued independently of her husband; she can inherit property and can demand from her husband suitable provision for her maintenance. In many respects, her legal rights would seem to place her in a better position than that enjoyed by many classes of women in other communities. With all this in their favour, the backward condition of these women is a serious blot in the social system. It must be due to causes which are remediable. The restraints of the harem, or Zenana, are matters of custom and of prejudice rather than of law; and some modification of them must sooner or later be made by intelligent Turks and progressive Muslims elsewhere.

Amongst the Turks monogamy is the general rule Only a few of the richer men increase their households by the addition of a second, third or fourth wife. This abstinence is not made on any high moral ground, but because the expense of two or more establishments is greater than most men can bear. Divorce, though not at all difficult to obtain, is said to be rare.

The houses of the richer classes are divided into two parts, the Selamlik, or general quarters and the Haremlik, or Zenana which is often the brighter and more commodious part of the building. Entrance to the Haremlik is, as a rule, confined to males who are related to the ladies, as father, sons, brothers and fathers-in-law. This rule is not, however, always observed and amongst the members of the young Turkish party, as the more enlightened the better educated and the progressive Muslims are called, more distant relatives and even personal friends of the husband are admitted to the society of the ladies of the house.

Turkish women are affectionate mothers, though apt to be too indulgent with their children. The sons, in their turn, are devoted to their mothers. They act on the spirit of a saying of Muhammad, recorded in the Traditions, to the effect, that "Paradise is under the feet of the mother."

When a mother resides in the house of her married son, she, and not the daughter-in-law, is the head of the house. Indeed, the latter occupies quite a subordinate position and the restraints imposed on her by custom are often most irksome, and are only borne because she herself hopes some day to be in the dominant position, with daughters-in-law subject to her. In the frequent annoyances of the present, this hope of the future is some consolation.

One serious defect in the domestic life of the Turks is the number of slaves required. According to the law slaves should be captives of war, not, as now, women purchased by the wealthy. The slave market at Constantinople has been closed and public sale is now prohibited; but the private trade in slaves is very extensive and rich ladies engage in it. They purchase children from six to ten years old. Those that

show aptitude are trained to occupy higher social positions and learn some of the accomplishments which will tend to render them attractive when grown up. Such girls can command a good price and some find their way into the Imperial Harem. An exceedingly beautiful girl is presented to the Sultan, who, in his turn, bestows some whom he can spare to the officials whom he desires to honour. If a father cannot afford to marry his son to a girl in his own station in life, for which a great outlay is needed, he procures one of the slave girls brought up and trained by one of the rich ladies who engage in this traffic. Her children are legitimate and, after their birth, she cannot be sold again as a slave. Very often her master sets her free and marries her. She then enters in the ranks of free Turkish women and enjoys all their rights and privileges. In many cases their lot is not a sad one; but this domestic slavery, as a part of the social system, works evil and tends to lower the estimation in which woman is held.

One of the greatest excitements in the monotony of the Harem life is the finding of a wife for a son who has arrived at an age to marry. If his mother knows of no suitable bride amongst her relations and immediate friends, she must seek for one elsewhere. She obtains in various ways, a list of maidens eligible for the position of her son's wife. Then, taking with her a professional match-maker, she pays visits to the various houses in which these girls dwell. On arrival at one, the lady of the house meets her in the chief reception room of the Haremlik. Soon after, the daughter carefully dressed comes in, salutes the visitors and serves them with coffee. Having exhibited herself in an attractive and graceful manner she retires. The visitors speak to the mother in terms of high praise of her daughter and then take their leave. The same routine is gone through in other houses and, when all is done, the charms of the various girls are compared and discussed and one is settled on. The necessary negotiations are then commenced and, in due time, the marriage follows.

Another break in the sameness of the everyday life is the going to the hammam, or public bath. This is practically a Ladies' Club where fresh friends are made, news are heard and much pleasant gossip is indulged in. There are legal ablutions connected with various domestic ceremonies and circumstances and these are often made in the hammam. It is common for ladies to spend the whole day there in company with their friends amid much merriment and pleasure. With the husband's permission, usually given readily, ladies can go out driving, walking or shopping. The localities around Constantinople on the shores of the Bosphorus, are picturesque and there are many quiet spots, at no great distance from the city, to which the women resort and indulge in fun. A day's outing thus spent is a relaxation and a pleasure. Shopping is also another source of amusement. Amongst the richer classes it is a common custom for Negro eunuchs to accompany the ladies as personal attendants and guards. The ladies of the Imperial Harem are always so attended by eunuchs attired in a rich costume. The ladies who thus go out wear either a silk wrapper and a thin gauze veil; or as is now more common, a *tchit-tcharf*, which has been described as two silken skirts, the shorter of which is thrown over the head and fastened under the chin, a square piece of silk or muslin hangs down and covers the face. This is more often than not thrown back.

The Imperial Harem contains some hundreds of women, and is regulated by its own laws and customs. The mother of the reigning Sultan, known as the Validi Sultana, is the head of the Harem and has complete control over all its inmates. The next in rank to her is the wife of the heir-apparent. Each chief lady has her own apartments and servants. The Validi Sultana vacates her post when a new Sultan ascends the throne and his mother assumes the post. All the ladies belonging to the late Sultan are removed and a completely new set of ladies occupy their places.

The Validi Sultana is assisted in her onerous duties by twelve ladies, called Kalfas, amongst whose other duties is that of the training and instruction of assistants for the minor details of the Harem life. These are often slave girls purchased when quite young. The Kalfas are generally slaves themselves who have not attracted the Sultan's attention and who have no prospects of marriage outside. Under suitable guards, these ladies go out for drives and excursions, pay visits and frequent shrines and monasteries. The life is, however, monotonous and there is nothing in it to raise the intellectual tone. The time not spent in going out and in attending to household duties is passed in admiring their dresses, their jewelry and other frivolous pursuits. Indeed, education is backward amongst all classes of women. There has been of late an increase in the number of girls' schools, but, as the children are withdrawn at an early age, their education is very slight. The result is that the women grow up very superstitious and believe in the power of the evil-eye, to avert the dreaded influence of which spells and other devices are resorted to, with a full belief in their efficacy. The belief in supernatural and magical beings who influence human life for good or ill is fostered by the necessary belief which all Muslim women must have in Genii.

The Muslim women of the Nomad races in Turkey, such as the Kurds, live a much freer

and healthier life. They are fair horsewomen and go on expeditions with their husbands. Enterprising and active, they take their part in all the special and political affairs of their family and their tribe. They wear no veils though, when on a march, a cloth is sometimes placed partially over the face. They have much more freedom and see more of the outside world than any other Muslim women do and this has not produced any evil effect. On the contrary, their open active life has induced in them personal self-respect and has led to a very high standard of morality. The freedom given them is wisely used, and their conduct in relation to others is marked by good sense and propriety. From the above account of Muslim women in the foremost Muhammadan country, it will be seen that, although much remains to be done to improve their position, it is far superior to that of Muslim women in India. Reform in this matter must be progressive and cautious; but the time has surely now come when some step in this direction should be taken. If "Paradise is under the feet of the mother," how important it is that the mother should be physically strong, intellectually alert, and wise in the management of her home and family. Her mental horizon should be widened and this cannot be done whilst the restrictions of the Zenana life are so rigid. The young Turkish party is making innovations in the social system; the young Indian party, the party of progress, should now having the courage of its convictions, make some move in the same direction.

II. THE EDUCATION OF WOMEN AND GIRLS IN WESTERN INDIA.

On November 4, Mr. N. G. Welinkar, M.A., LL.B., Superintendent of Municipal Joint Schools in Bombay, read a paper on the above subject at the Caxton Hall, Westminster, under the auspices of the National Indian Association.

Sir William Lee-Warner, K.C.S.I., who took the Chair, in opening the proceedings, said that the subject of the education of Indian women was a most delicate one. Even in England opinions were divided as to the utility of various educational measures affecting women. When these measures were applied to India, the peculiar social conditions of that country increased the difficulty of gauging the results. There was, no doubt, however, that an educated woman was a great social factor, and the influence of woman and of man on one another was so powerful that the progress of one sex was impossible with the co-operation of the other.

Mr. Welinkar then read his interesting paper, of which we giving the following summary :—

The first difficulty which confronts anyone wishing to give an account of the educational progress of the women of West India is the fact that their progress has been so uneven. During the last twenty-five years some sections of the community have progressed by leaps and bounds, while others have only just begun to move, and are moving no faster than at a snail's pace.

I shall speak, first, of the Parsees, because, though numerically the smallest, they are educationally the first among the native communities resident in Western India. The first thing that must strike anyone who studies the Parsees is their keen appreciation—quite general in the community—of the benefits of education on Western lines. Their educational provision for their co-religionists is astonishing in its scope and extent. In Bombay and, I believe, in all the cities of Western India, no Parsee boy or girl, however poor, need go without a sound, serviceable elementary education. There are schools in all the centres of Parsee population, where every poor child is taught free of charge, and there are charities connected with such institutions which are amply sufficient to feed and clothe every destitute pupil. Every Parsee girl in Bombay (and, I believe, also in the other cities of the Presidency) receives a sound working elementary education, and is taught not only the three R's as they are called, but also needle-work, embroidery, cooking, and the elements of domestic science. Religious instruction is also imparted in many schools. The high schools for Parsee girls are located in beautiful and well-furnished buildings, and provide an excellent education in English Literature, History, and French—and hundreds of young ladies are now able not only to read and write English, but also to appreciate and enjoy English Literature, which, when well selected, is an unequalled instrument of culture and refinement. Nor is the artistic side of education neglected. Many girls draw and paint beautifully, and singing and instrumental music are taught in all the High schools. Another noticeable feature is the attention paid to physical education. This begins in the primary school, and is kept up through all the classes of the High School. Grown-up girls or young ladies, to be more accurate, not only do not object to, but even delight in, performing physical drill and calisthenic exercises requiring considerable culture and control of nerve and muscle, to the great benefit of their physical and intellectual development.

Now, what has chiefly contributed to the great progress I have described is the fact that the Parsees live in an educational atmosphere, if I may so put it. Their societies, like the Dnyana Prasarak Manandali and the Zoroastrian School Association, work actively and incessantly to raise the moral and intellectual level of their womankind. These organisations

which are liberally supported by the Parsee public, arrange meetings, lectures, conversazione, classes with the view of spreading general culture among the women, and imparting correct and up-to-date information on the duties of women—individual and social. These meetings and classes are attended by grown-up women in numbers, and the instruction given there is eagerly welcomed. The result is the education of the mothers in a broad human way; and the education of the mothers is the surest foundation for the education of the daughters because when the mothers are educated the education of the daughters can never be neglected. The atmosphere of a Parsee home, also, is distinctly educational. The daily newspaper is an institution in every home. It is eagerly read by the women, and keeps them informed of what is going on in the world abroad, and of matters of special interest to their own community. After the evening meal the family gathers for social intercourse, and the women freely join in conversation on topics of public and private interest.

The seclusion of women, so injurious to the development of body and mind, is unknown among the Parsees; their women delight in out-door life. Early marriage is now a thing of the past, the girls seldom marry before they are 23 or 24; indeed, the complaint is not that the Parsee lady of the day marries too young, but that she defers marriage until she is either too old or too philosophical, or too exacting for marriage! A very large proportion of the girls of well-to-do parents carry on their education until 21 or 22 years of age; and some, still more ambitious, at the close of a long academic or professional education in Bombay, spend two or three years at a college or advanced school in one of the educational centres of Great Britain—gaining thus the very best culture of the West. The community is not burdened by any time-honoured and deep-rooted traditions tying them down to Orientalism; they do not sigh for national Universities or education on national lines; they have frankly and heartily accepted Western ideas and standards of life.

My object in giving this somewhat lengthened description of the progress of Parsee female education is not to appear before you in the character of an eulogist of that community—they are not in need of such—but to illustrate by the help of a concrete example what a community can achieve by a whole-hearted devotion to an ideal of education pursued with energy and steadfastness.

When we turn to the education of Hindu women, a different state of things meets us; but still not one without much room for hope and encouragement. The numerical strength of the Hindus (who form nearly 65 per cent. of the population of the Bombay Presidency), and the great complexity of the structure of Hindu society, preclude the possibility of attempting a summary of the results of Hindu female education in a short paper like the present; I can only offer a few observations of a very miscellaneous character to illustrate the general tendency to progress. The need for providing greater educational facilities for girls and women is being increasingly realised by the leaders of the different sections of the Hindu community in our Western Presidency. New schools are being opened in various places. When I left Bombay in the middle of May we had drafted a scheme for a large High School for Hindu girls, which should provide a complete and up-to-date education combining literary with practical and artistic teaching, and should also have attached to it a department for the training of teachers. The means for establishing such a large educational institution came to our hands in an unexpected and interesting way—which, however, I shall not pause to describe.

This is the proper place for alluding to some of our useful institutions for the higher education of Hindu girls and women. We have the Female High School in Poona, which prepares girls for the Matriculation Examination of our University, and gives a very good general English education to its pupils. The educational authorities of Government and other competent judges have frequently testified to the excellence of the work of this School, in corroboration of which opinion I may mention the fact that at the last Matriculation Examination of the University a pupil of this School, a Beni Israel young lady, stood first among the successful candidates (numbering about fifteen hundred), and gained at least three prizes for proficiency in three different subjects of examination. The Female Training Colleges at Poona and Ahmedabad are doing a work of great value and importance in training teachers for Government and Municipal Primary Schools. I should like to mention in this connection that the lack of qualified women teachers is our greatest difficulty in the promotion of female education; and that if our educational progress is to be satisfactory, the training of women as teachers must receive much greater support in future, both from the Government and from our wealthy citizens.

In reviewing our educational machinery in Western India, I must not leave unmentioned two very remarkable institutions which, though they cannot be technically classed as educational, are really such in the best sense of the term. The first is a large Widows' Home which is called Mookti Sadan, and was brought into exist-

ence by the genius of Pandita Ramabai, one of the most remarkable women not only in India, but, I shall venture to say, in the world. Here in this great institution, which occupies almost an entire village a few miles from Poona on the Southern Maratha line, more than two thousand women (most of them widows) are not only being clothed, fed, and educated, but what is more, are clothing, feeding, and educating themselves. One outstanding feature of this institution which must strike even a casual visitor is its aspect of self-help. It is a kind of socialistic community complete in itself.

The second institution which I wish to mention is one very similar to the Mookti Sadan of Pandita Ramabai which I have just described. It is called the High Caste Hindu Widows' Home, and is in Poona. Its founder and director is Professor D. K. Karve, of Poona. Both institutions lay great stress on religious culture, and religious instruction is systematically given in both.

I must not pass from the subject of Hindu female education without referring to the problem of our depressed and labouring classes. Female education is almost non-existent among them. Not one girl out of five hundred girls of school-going age attends any school. The marriage age for girls is at 10 or 11 years old, and tens of thousands of girls are growing up in absolute ignorance—so soon to become helpless wives and helpless mothers of a helpless race. Government is fully alive to the gravity of the problem; but without the support of public opinion its efforts cannot avail much.

We must now look at the progress of Mahomedan female education. Secondary education does not generally exist among the Mahomedan women. It is true that a certain number of Mahomedan women in the Presidency are very highly cultured, and can hold their own with an educated English lady in manners and conversation. I met a charming lady the other day here in London who has been trained as a teacher in a Ladies' College here, and is an excellent artist and brilliant conversationalist. But these are only the exceptions which prove the rule. Even primary education is in a backward condition. I calculate that of a population of about fifty thousand girls of school-going age, less than five thousand attend any school of any kind, and they are at school for only about eighteen months on an average.

I have hitherto spoken only of Educational Institutions. I must now ask permission to speak of other agencies at work in our midst which act as a powerful stimulus to educational progress, by wakening interest in educational work, and helping to create an educational environment. I have already referred to societies like the Dnyana Prasarak Mandali which are doing such excellent work by spreading general enlightenment among Parsee women, and quickening interest in the advance of education. Similar societies are at work among the Hindus also. The Students' Literary and Scientific Society was started about the same time as the Dnyana Prasarak Mandali; but its activity has not kept pace with that of its sister society. The Arya Mahila Samaj, which aims at bringing together the educated Hindu women of Bombay for social, literary, and educational purposes, has had a long and useful, but somewhat sporadic career.

An institution which has the promise of much useful social service has been lately brought into existence through the efforts of Mr. Justice N. G. Chandavarkar, one of the Judges of the Bombay High Court, and an earnest advocate of social reform, assisted by a small band of like-minded men. It is the Presidency Social Reform Association; it arranges Ladies' Meetings and Conferences, provides Classes for married women in private residences, and gets up courses of lectures on literature and simple scientific subjects of general interest. A ladies' meeting under the auspices of this Association which was held in Bombay in connexion with the Social Conference of 1905 was a tremendous and unexpected success; over two thousand ladies, representing the different native communities of Bombay, met in conference, and after joining in singing a beautiful opening hymn, proposed, discussed, and carried resolutions on social and educational topics. The Social Conference, which meets every year immediately after the meeting of the National Congress, also helps materially to promote the cause of female education by bringing in conference many of the thoughtful and cultured women of India.

In passing from this subject, I must not omit to refer to the good service rendered by such Ladies' Magazines as the *Stri Bodh*, which was begun by that able and intrepid journalist and social reformer, the late K. N. Kabraji, and is kept up by his gifted daughter Miss Kabraji on the level of its pristine excellence.

I shall now indicate very briefly a few of the directions in which improvement seems to me to be urgently required in our educational system. To my mind the forward steps which must be taken to meet the requirements of our times are chiefly three.

First, the education of the mothers, by which word I mean grown-up women. My long experience as a teacher and educationalist has convinced me of the fact that an uneducated Mother will not allow the education of her daughters to be carried on sufficiently long to enable it to become a moulding influence in their life. A girl

taken away from school at 10 or 11 years of age receives no impress whatever; the processes of education have not had time to produce any lasting results; and you cannot induce an illiterate mother to keep her daughter at school much beyond that age. We have, therefore, of necessity to educate the mother in order to awaken what I may call an educational conscience in the community.

When I speak of the education of the mothers you will, of course, understand me to mean education in a broad human sense, not in the sense which limits it only to the knowledge of books. The first step in giving such education to the mothers is to cure them of that strong attachment to seclusion which the habits of centuries have produced among the women of India—whether in the form of *purdah* or in other forms. I can conceive no education to be of greater value for the women of India than the inculcation of out-door habits. There is nothing so well calculated to remove prejudices and to widen ideas; nothing so liberalising and character-forming.

The second is to revise our ideals of female education. At present they are too cramped and narrow. We are too much enamoured of the kind of education which is being imparted to the young men in our Colleges, and we desire a University degree, such as they get for our girls also as the crown and culmination of a course of liberal education. Few features of Indian education seem to me to be so deplorable as this domination of the University over our entire machinery of education; and in the sphere of female education the effects of this domination are especially baneful. Many of the subjects that our girls are made to learn with so much labour in the Girls' High Schools are of no direct or indirect use in fitting them for the duties and functions of womanhood. We teach our girls to solve Algebraical problems, and to demonstrate the propositions of Euclid; but we teach them nothing about the duties of the home which they will soon have to make, about the care and culture of their health, or the duties and responsibilities of motherhood. Our female education will not be put on a sound basis until we make the home and its duties our central idea, guiding and co-ordinating all the parts of our system of female education. The knowledge of all that helps in the organisation, the comfort, and the beautifying of the home must be given to our girls if their education is to be of vital value to the progress of society.

The third and last step forward which I desire to suggest is the association of English and Indian women in the work of education, both in and outside of the schools. I speak of this point last only because I consider it the most important, and I wish it, therefore, to be fresh in your minds when you come to the discussion of this paper. I am strongly persuaded that in the close association of English people with Indians in all departments of activity lies the solution of the problems which at the present juncture press so closely upon the attention of all interested in the well-being of the people of India. Despite all that critics may say to the contrary, I am convinced that the mistake of the English people in their relations with my people lies in dealing with us too much at a distance, in leaving us too much alone. Do admit us to association; join in our work; let us feel that you are ready and willing to help us by working by our side in our nobler efforts.

Applying these thoughts to the subject in hand, I beg to be allowed to lay a definite suggestion before this meeting. What a great and beneficent work could be accomplished in Bombay by a mission of English and Indian ladies who should visit schools and homes for the sole purpose of lifting up the lives of Indian women, and giving them useful secular knowledge without any proselytising aim whatever! What an extensive sphere of usefulness would be opened to such a mission! How readily and gladly would numberless homes and hearts be opened to these missionaries, which are closed to the Christian Zenana missionaries because of their proselytising purpose; and what an object lesson it would be in demonstrating the feeling of the best English men and women towards the people of India. I have not time to dwell upon the social and educational possibilities of such a mission; but I am confident that it will have a career of great usefulness, and be a powerful lever to improve the social relations between the rulers and the ruled in India—a consummation which we all so devoutly desire. I am certain that there are many large-hearted women in England who feel a deep interest in the people of India, and possess sufficient means to enable them to live in Bombay—a city which provides every convenience of life that they can desire. May I commend to them the plan of forming a settlement in Bombay for the elevation of the women of Western India as the noblest service they can do to my country-women? I know there are difficulties, but no difficulties are too formidable for wisdom inspired by love. If only this earnest appeal, though expressed in feeble words, awakens a responsive echo in the hearts of a few English ladies, a committee can be easily formed to give concrete form to the idea, and the first English educational lady missionaries—bent not on the conversion, but on the simple elevation and uplifting of the women of India—will land on Indian soil before many months have passed.

I would plead for larger love towards my peo-

ple, larger self-sacrifice on the part of the more favoured nation, larger trust in the heart of India. For the soul of the people of India is noble, and will rise in loving response to every clear token of affection and interest. Let English and Indian women work hand-in-hand and prove to a cynical generation that the heart of England can beat in unison with the heart of India, and that in a few noble souls East and West have already met.

"Trust the soul that breathes in every soul ;
Into one great friendship let men enter ;
The stars and the planets as they roll,
Find in one sun their common centre."

What has been done for and by Indian Ladies.

A Garden Party at East Hill :—On Tuesday evening, Mrs. Francis gave a Garden Party at East Hill to the members of the Calicut Ladies' Association. The response to the large number of invitations issued was most satisfactory, the attendance, including most of the leading European, Native Christian, Brahmin, Nair and Tiyya ladies in the station. Mrs. Francis received the guests as they arrived and conducted them to seats on the lawn. A programme of vocal and instrumental music was provided, several of the guests themselves taking part. The European and Indian ladies chatted freely and pleasantly together, and Mrs. Francis by her tact and affability made everybody feel quite at home. Suitable refreshments were served round to the guests, and the pleasant function, which began at 4 P.M., terminated at 6-30.

Lady Cowasji Jehangir has kindly accepted the Presidentship of the annual Ladies' Gathering, to be held in connection with the National Social Conference, which meets this year at Surat. According to the practice hitherto observed, the lady-president has to be chosen from within the province where the gathering is held. It is but right that a Parsi lady should be chosen for the honour in view of the fact that Parsi community, more than any other community of Western India, has given practical effect to the principles of women's emancipation and education. Lady Jehangir took a leading part in organising the very successful reception accorded to Her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales on behalf of the Indian ladies of Bombay and, in other ways, been helpful in promoting mutual good feeling and the desire for self-improvement among ladies belonging to the several communities. We have no doubt that, under her able presidentship, the Ladies' Conference at Surat will have a successful session.

Her Highness Maharani Saheba has adopted a son as the future Maharajah of Dumraon Raj. The ceremony was performed in a very imposing style at noon on Thursday in the presence of, amongst others, Raj Rampratap Singh Bahadur, of Manda, the son-in-law of Maharani Saheba, Mr. Smithen, District and Sessions Judge, Arrah, and Mr. G. S. Dutt, Sub-divisional officer, Buxar. The young Maharaja is the son of Babu Gaya Prasad Singh of the Jagdishpore family, and is about five years of age. The young Maharaja's name was Jang Bahadur Singh, but he has been named at the time of adoption as Maharajah Sri Nivas Prasad Singh.

A Mahomedan Ladies' Association, styled the Anjuman-i-Tahazib-i-Niswan, has been established at Lahore. The editor of the *Tahazib-Niswan* is Secretary, and Mrs. Shab Din has been appointed President, Mrs. Muhammad Shafi, Treasurer, and Miss Muhammad Umar, Assistant Secretary.

The Christian Women Workers' Union, of Bombay, has issued to all English-women in Bombay a "protest" calling attention to the evils of the nautch, and expressing the hope that Englishwomen will not attend any function of which a nautch forms part. "Should an Englishwoman feel obliged to accept an invitation, it is well to realise that no offence is ever taken by the host if she refuses to see the nautch and asks to be allowed to join the Indian ladies of the party. Such protests could only produce good results." The Union earnestly hopes that Englishwomen will definitely set their faces against witnessing these performances.

It is gratifying to note that Mrs. Rennie is doing much for the poverty-stricken of Feroke. The lady, for the last six months, has been giving a bag of rice every week to the poor. This lady's charity is proverbial in Feroke. One touch of kindness makes the whole world kin; and how I wish her sisters, both Indian and European, followed her example.

A correspondent writes :—"Miss Agnes Slack's tour in India in the interests of the Temperance cause is attended with great success. She lectures in every city to large and enthusiastic audiences, comprising Parsees, Hindus, Mahomedans and Europeans. At Harda, Central Provinces, a W. C. T. U. was organised with 125 members and 154 pledges taken. At Mussoorie, Miss Slack enrolled 65 new W. C. T. U. members, and at Lahore she had crowded meetings and took 84 pledges. At Ludhiana, 114 signed the pledge, and at Umballa, 242. These, with signatures at other Stations in North India, make 700 pledges in all. Miss Slack is expected to lecture in Delhi, Agra, Bareilly, Lucknow, Cawnpore, etc. She is meeting with a reception rarely accorded to any Temperance worker and her winning personality, her splendid eloquence and her disinterested earnestness, gain her friends everywhere. She lectures invariably on the moral, scientific and social aspect of Temperance. The W. C. T. Unions in Bengal are eagerly anticipating her visit in January."

TRAVANCORE.—THE C. E. Z. MISSION SCHOOL.—Their Highnesses Setu Lekshmy Bayi, senior Ranee, and Setu Parvati Bayi, Junior Ranee of Travancore, accompanied by the mother of the

latter, visited the Church of England Zenana Mission School for High Caste Girls in the Fort on Thursday afternoon. The schoolroom was prettily decorated and many Brahmin and Sudra ladies, mothers of the pupils, were present. A programme of music and recitations was gone through by the girls, one of whom read an Address of Welcome to Their Highnesses. The proceedings lasted for an hour, at the end of which the Senior Ranee said how pleased she and the Junior Ranee were at all they had seen and heard, and assured Miss Cox, the Lady Principal, of their interest in the school. Another pupil presented each of the Ranees with a bouquet and the party then left the school.

Sister Nivedita has completely recovered from her illness of last year, and she is enjoying extremely her beneficial holiday in the West. She is as busy as ever, and has brought out another book called "Cradle Tales of Hinduism" which has been favourably reviewed.

Purdah Party held at Lady Stanley's.—A very enjoyable Purdah Party was held, with much success, on the 10th December 1907 in Lady Stanley's drawing room. Considering that the meeting was the first of its kind, in Allahabad, the number of its high class Indian ladies present was appreciable. There were some English ladies also, amongst those present being Lady Burkitt. Lady Knox, Mrs. Aikman, and Mrs. Richards. We, the Indian ladies were delighted with every thing that we saw there, and were impressed greatly by the kindness of our hostess, Lady Stanley. We had some English and Indian music, instrumental and vocal, which we enjoyed very much. We felt quite at home. English and Indian ladies talking together in English and Hindustani with friendliness. Miss McNeil of Benares, who is staying at present with Miss De Selincourt (our thanks are due to the latter also for the part she took in the getting-up of the party) gave in English an account of the organised Purdah parties of Lahore—

Mrs. Balak Ram interpreted her in Hindustani—

The object of the meeting held at Lady Stanley's was to promote social intercourse and genuine sympathy between English and Indian ladies. The example set by Lady Stanley is worthy of being followed and the practical interest that she takes in matters pertaining to the welfare of Indians will no doubt lead to very good results for these Provinces. It is to be hoped that many more Indian ladies will be present when the next opportunity arises and that there soon will be regular organised Purdah Parties in Allahabad also.

News and Notes.

Mrs. Roosevelt has made herself a life-member of the New York Assembly of Mothers.

Queen Alexandra and her daughters, who are devoted to cats, had to banish their pets during the Kaiser's visit to Windsor Castle. He has an antipathy to the feline race. One small kitten within a mile of him is enough to upset his nerves. Therefore, all the mousers, and all the adorable fluffy Persians, had to be gathered up and placed in other quarters, till the end of the Imperial visit.

Miss Elise Parkinson of Boston is the first person in this country to be photographed in natural colors. She wore a soft white dress with rosebuds, and the colorings of the flowers, the hair and the flesh tints are accurately reproduced.—Two plates were made of her by her father, Morris Burke Parkinson. The prepared plates came from Lumiere of Paris, the discoverer of color photography. The process is complicated and costly, and in Paris a photograph in colors costs $50.

Miss Helen Gould has been presented with a silver loving cup by 5,000 men of the American navy, in recognition of her many acts of kindness to the sailors and her gift of nearly $500,000 to the Waremen's Y. M. C. A. Home in Brooklyn, N. Y. The cup was presented in the auditorium of the Y. M. C. A. building, near the Brooklyn Navy Yards, and though only 800 men could be spared for the occasion, those present included representatives of all the war vessels in the harbour. Rear Admiral Joseph B. Coghlan, retired, spoke on behalf of the Navy and Rear Admiral C. S. Sperry for the fleet. Miss Gould expressed her appreciation in a characteristic speech.

Mrs. E. M. Barrett of Austin, Tex., who is at the head of a school for defective children, is also an expert maker of cement blocks, and herself made the blocks of which her school building is constructed. She believes that concrete is the coming building material and the poor man's salvation, especially in the dry parts of the Southwest where other building material is scarce and high. Mrs. Barrett has been carrying on a campaign of education among the farmers. At a recent meeting of the Texas Farmers' Congress, she gave a demonstration in concrete block-making, and urged the farmers to save money by making the material themselves to build their barns, sheds, and fences.

Miss Eva Mahoney of Huntington is the only woman in Indiana serving as county Sheriff. She is acting Sheriff of Huntington County in the absence of her father, who has had to go South on account of failing health. His daughter will serve out his term. Last week she took Nora Mosher, convicted of child-murder, to the women's prison at Indianapolis. Miss Mahoney has been her father's deputy nearly three years. Her mother has lately died, and this draws the care of the Sheriff's residence as well as of the county jail on her hands. She has now in her charge some of the most desperate criminals that have been in the jail for many years, but thus far she has proved equal to the responsibility.

Sarah Bernhardt, in her "Memories of My Life," is very complimentary to Boston women. She says, "what struck me most about the women of Boston was the harmony and softness of their gestures. Brought up among the severest and harshest of

traditions, the Bostonian race seems to me to be the most refined and mysterious of all American races . . . . The women adore music, the theatre, literature, painting and poetry. They know everything and understand everything, are chaste and reserved, and neither laugh nor talk very loudly." The "Bostonian race" of to-day is made up of so many different nationalities as to be, indeed, "mysterious." But it is pleasant to know that our women impressed Mme. Bernhardt so agreeably.

Queen Wilhelmina of Holland knows how to milk a cow and to make butter. She has a model dairy, of which she is very fond.

Senora Dona Carmen Karr Lasarte is the editor of *El Feminal*, a new Spanish monthly, published in Barcelona, which aims to improve the position of women in Catalonia.

Mrs. Ida H. Harper has completed the third volume of the "Life and Work of Susan B. Anthony." She expects that it will be out by February, Miss Anthony's birth month.

Miss Lavinia Rudburg was chosen by Yale University to travel far up into the wilds of the Quinault Indian reservation to take the physical measurements of the men and women there. She has just returned from a wild and dangerous journey through forests, over mountains and over lakes in a frail canoe.

Rev. Anna H. Shaw represented the National American Woman Suffrage Association at the annual convention of the National W. C. T. U. in Nashville last week. It was a large and enthusiastic meeting, and a resolution in favor of woman's ballot was passed unanimously. Mrs. L. M. N. Stevens was re-elected president.

Dr. Margaret E. Carley, Superintendent of Boston's school nurses, has recommended that the city should furnish glasses to the pupils in the public schools who need them, if the parents are too poor to do so. The school Board, being constantly short of money (because the mothers and teachers have no vote on the appropriations), says that the children certainly ought to be supplied with glasses, but suggests that the cost be borne by the charitable societies, instead of by the school fund. The medical examiners say that from 15 to 25 per cent. of the children need glasses.

Mrs. Laura E. Richards addressed the Massachusetts Library Club at its meeting in Melrose recently, on the best reading for children. She recommended a liberal diet of poetry, from Chaucer to Kipling; travels, historical works, Shakespere, the Bible, Pilgrim's Progress, and plenty of Fairy Tales like those of Grimm and Hans Andersen. "For my part," said Mrs. Richards, "I should not want to have anything to do with a child nor a grown-up who does not like fairy tales." She held that books describing noble deeds were especially good for children and urged librarians to burn up books that give gruesome and unnatural views of life.

Miss Julia C. Lathrop has been made co-director with Prof. Graham Taylor of the Chicago Institute of Social Science. Ninety students have entered their names this year to take its courses. Of these students about one-fifth are from the Episcopal and Congregational seminaries of Chicago, one-third are students from the kindergarten training schools, and the largest number of all are from the Y. W. C. A. school. The Institute offers ten full courses in various branches of social and philanthropic science, under the leadership of experts. The total course is only $50 per year.

Mrs. Jennie B. Powers of Nashua, one of the two women deputy Sheriffs of New Hampshire, attended the meeting of the American Humane Association in Boston the other day. She is believed to have made more arrests for abuse of children and animals than any other woman in America; but she says that cruelty is generally the result of thoughtlessness, not of depravity. One of her duties is the inspection of all cattle trains passing through Keene. She carries a small, round searchlight that she thrusts between the bars. Mrs. Powers has no children living, but she is legal guardian to six boys and girls whom she has rescued from bad surroundings, and is a sort of adopted mother, unofficially, to about a score of others.

Mrs. Eva Perry Moore, the training president of the Association of Collegiate Alumnae, occupied the chair during the Quarter centennial, and proved herself a model presiding officer. The warm applause with which she was greeted showed how much she has endeared herself to the members. Miss Laura D. Gill, president of Barnard, was unanimously chosen as the new president.

Miss Evelyn Longman has taken the prize for the best design for the great bronze door of the Annapolis Naval Academy Chapel. She will receive $14,000. There were 33 other competitors, all of them men. Miss Longman studied at the Art Institute in Chicago, but now lives in New York. One of the best things she has done was the great Winged Victory that topped the dome of Festival Hall at the St. Louis' Exposition.

Miss Sophonisba Breckinridge, assistant dean of women at Chicago University, the late general Secretary of the Association of Collegiate Alumnae, is to do some work on the Sage Foundation during the coming year. She is also to edit the Association of Collegiate Alumnae Magazine. A special number will be issued, containing a fuller report of the Quarter centennial than we can give in the Woman's Journal. Let each of our readers send 35 cents in stamps to Mrs. Elizabeth Lawrence Clarke, Williamstown, Mass., for a copy.

Mrs. Annie Howes Barus, a former president of the Association of Collegiate Alumnae, was one of the speakers after the luncheon at the Hotel Somerset which closed the Quarter centennial in Boston last week. She said, in part: "London University has already a chair of eugenics, and a professor at Oxford has advocated the establishment of one there. I believe that the new science of eugenics will do for humanity what physics has done for nature; that

there will be as long a reach from the undeveloped human beings of to-day to the better developed human beings of the future as there has been from Newton's apple to wireless telegraphy. If the lower orders of animals can be so much improved by cultivation and the observance of nature's laws, why not the human race? It will not be accomplished by the time of our next Quarter centennial, but some day—perhaps a hundred years from now—no woman will be allowed to marry unless she has a college degree."

Mrs. Lovell White, president of the Outdoor Art League of San Francisco, headed a courageous band of its members who worked at the polls during the recent election, in behalf of the amendment to provide playgrounds for the children. The women districted the city, and stood near every polling place—100 feet away as prescribed by law—handing the voters cards asking them to vote for the amendment. One woman was threatened with arrest by a policeman for tacking up a card on a telegraph pole within 100 feet of a voting booth, but in the main the ladies were treated most courteously. Some of them distributed cards in the street cars, and one to make a speech in a crowded car. The amendment won. Mrs. White is reported in the San Francisco Call as saying: "This is a new experience here, but the women of England have done it, so we know it can be done. Personally, I am so much interested in the measure providing playgrounds for the children that nothing I could do to advance it would seem hard. The response of the women of the Outdoor Art League was beautiful. Some of the most conservative, whom I hardly expected to take part in to-day's work, volunteered to take the hardest precincts." The women have worked faithfully for the last six months. They drafted the amendment, brought influence to bear upon the men who were to launch it, and persuaded all the political parties to make it a plank in their platform. Honor to these women! But they would have found it easier to vote themselves than to stand all day at the polls.

Mrs. Claude A. Swanson, wife of the Governor of Virginia, and hostess in chief at the Jamestown Exposition, is said to be an artist of considerable merit. Landscape and China painting are her specialties.

Mrs. Mary K. Michael of Hamilton, O. is an expert plasterer and paperhanger. Her husband, a plasterer, is a hard worker, and is sometimes so pressed with business that he cannot get through it all. Then Mrs. Michael leaves her household labors and helps him.

Frau von Papp, the daughter of an Hungarian nobleman and the widow of a great land-owner, having met with financial reverses, turned to account her knowledge of motoring. She has become Berlin's first motor-cab-driver. She passed a severe police test, and will now wear the regulation blue uniform and white peaked cap of the Berlin motor-cab-drivers.

Mrs. William Cumming Story, president of the New York City Federation of Clubs, in her address at the recent meeting of the State Federation, urged the women's clubs to make an active campaign against hazing in schools and colleges. She pointed out that in one year eighteen persons had been killed and thirty-six injured or maimed for life through hazing.

Miss Alice M. Power, probation officer of the superior Court in Boston, has just made her report for the past year. She has collected $2113 from men placed on probation, for the support of their families; has secured the return of $259 to the rightful owners, and has brought about a reconciliation between 18 out of 23 couples where the husband had become alienated from his wife and had been put on probation. Yet, she is not thought competent to vote.

Mrs. May C. Moore, of Atlanta, recommends the raising of Bermuda onions as profitable work for women. She tells of a woman who had been soliciting accident and health insurance among school teachers, and who decided to try onion-culture as an experiment, during the dull season of her work. She rented a quarter of an acre of ground for two dollars, did all the hoeing and weeding herself, raised 81 bushels of onions, and cleared $70. A bank president in Texas planted 2,000 acres with Bermuda onions, and cleared $125,000. The right soil is said to be the first essential.

Mrs. Mabel Loomis Todd, who has lately returned with her husband, Prof. Todd, from his astronomical expedition to Chili and Peru, is giving some delightful talks on the strange, magnificent beauty of the South American desert, on its people, its ruined temples, its rich mines and its back-ground of snow-covered peaks, and her own curious experiences there. They went over the highest railroad in the world, near Lima. It goes over a pass 15,600 feet above sea level, and in places the traveller looks down 5,000 feet on one hand and up 12,000 feet on the other. Professor and Mrs. Todd rode on the cow-catcher. At some points they could see five loops of the road below them; and they went through twenty or thirty tunnels. In Lima Mrs. Todd was invited to address the Geographical Society. She was the first woman to do so. Most of the prominent men of Lima were present, and she was introduced by the Minister of Foreign Affairs. Her subject was "The Hairy Ainus of Northern Japan." Afterwards the Society presented her with an incense-burner more than 300 years old, made of Ayucucho silver, in the form of a mountain deer.

THE INDIAN LADIES' MAGAZINE.

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